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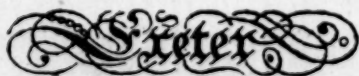
MISCELLANEOUS POETRY,

I N

ENGLISH AND LATIN.

SECOND EDITION.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH REEVE.



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1794.



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH, &c. &c.

THIS POEM
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

A 5

P R E F A C E.

THE noble family of the Cliffords of Chudleigh, by the male line, is descended from Sir Lewis Clifford, the third son of Roger, Baron de Clifford, whose Grandfather was made a Peer by King Edward I. in the year 1300. The family has been since honoured by the creation of a second Peerage in the person of Sir Thomas Clifford, the ninth in descent from Sir Lewis. Sir Thomas Clifford received this honour from King Charles II. under the stile and title of Lord Clifford, Baron of Chudleigh, by letters patent dated April 22, 1672. In November following he was made Lord High Treasurer of England. This Nobleman's Grandfather Thomas Clifford, D.D. was the first of the family, who fixed his residence at Ugbrooke, having inherited it in right of his
mother,

mother, the daughter and heirefs of Sir Pierce Courtenay of Chudleigh, brother of Sir William Courtenay of Powderham.

Ugbrooke, for local merit, ranks among the principal places in the county of Devon. The Father of the present Lord began and made great improvements, which he did not live to finish, but yet so far advanced, as to open a spacious field for the descriptive Muse to sport in. On that ground the Poem of Ugbrooke Park was written and published under his Lordship's patronage.

The Poem opens with a conversation, which occasionally passed upon the subject between his Lordship and the Author. After a short outline given of the country round, and mention made of several chief seats in the county, as worthy of a Poet's notice, the Author enters more minutely upon the internal beauties of Ugbrooke itself, and expatiates upon the various objects, that rise successively in view, as he moves
round

round the Park. The circumstance of a Danish camp within the fence furnishes him a fair opportunity of introducing, by way of Episode, the ravages once made in this country by that barbarous people, and the overthrow they received from Alfred the Great. A comparative view of that inward satisfaction, which springs from the tranquil enjoyment of rural scenes, and a sketch of some particular improvements made in the Park and Mansion bring on the conclusion of the Poem with a compliment to the different branches of the Clifford family.



Page

Page

Page

TO THE READER.

Page 5, before the two last lines, should be inserted the following verses :—

In vain shall *Lupton** boast, in vain partake
Of kindred scenes, that grace *Geneva's* lake,
Bid rocks give way, bid verdure clothe the steep,
And woods stand nodding o'er the foaming deep!

Page 11. The river *Teign* is written as it is always pronounced
Teing.

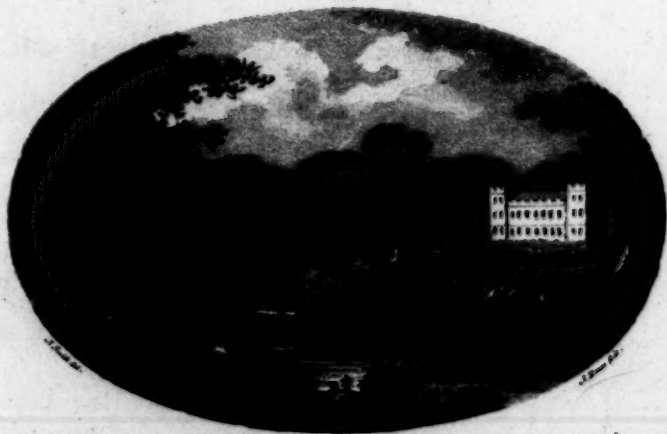
Page 13. Instead of Stoford, read Stover.

* Seat of the Hon. Mr. Justice Buller,

UGBROOKE PARK.

A

POEM.



TIGERWOOD PARK

THE HOUSE



UGBROOKE PARK.

AMIDST the charms *Devonia's* shore displays
To tempt the Bard, and decorate his lays,
Why silent sits the *Muse*, unstrung her lyre,
Her laurels wither'd, and extinct her fire?
On AVON's bank she once was taught to sing,
And as she sung, the vale was heard to ring.
There at her ease she tried the rural strain,
And drew the dancing shepherds to the plain.
Does verse no more, does song no longer warm,
Or have the sylvan Graces ceased to charm?

The hill, the lawn, the woodland, and the glade,
The rock, and sonoriferous cascade
Enchantingly invite. See mountains rise
Advancing with their woods to meet the skies.
See winding vales in broken slopes descend,
See, interspersed with trees, the plains extend,
And join the distant hills. Here hand in hand,
Diffusing gladness o'er a fertile land,
Pomona smiles, with *Ceres* by her side,
The swain's refreshing solace, and his pride.
Can scenes like these, so lavishly display'd,
Be only meant for Contemplation's aid?
These to the Muse in vocal right belong;
The Muse most triumphs in descriptive song.
To these the royal Bard attuned his lays,
And *Sion's* mount proclaim'd their Maker's praise.
Th' attractive grove immortal *Plato* sought;
There *Aristotle* ranged his depth of thought.
So in the shade beside some murmur'ing spring,
Arms and the man young *Maro* learn'd to sing;

Pluck'd

Pluck'd from each spray, from each inspiring bough
The sacred wreath, still blooming on his brow.

Shall *Saltram*'s* plains no sprightly thought infuse,
Nor into song awake the slumb'ring Muse ?
Does *Fortescue*'s gay hill † no more invite,
Tho' *Grenville*'s charms with *Clinton*'s taste unite ?
Shall *Edgcumbe*'s mount, ‡ with matchless glories hung,
Unnoticed stand, neglected and unfung ?
'Thy castle, *Powderham*, § no attention claim ?
Old *Powderham*'s glory, and a *Courtenay*'s name
May to the verse thus patronised impart
A grace, a charm above the reach of art.
Shall *Haldon*'s monument, || that lifts its head
In grateful mem'ry to the warlike dead,

* Seat of Lord Borringdon.

† Castle-Hill, the seat of Earl Fortescue, plann'd by Lord Clinton.

‡ Seat of Earl Mount Edgcumbe.

§ Seat of Lord Viscount Courtenay.

|| Erected by Sir Robert Palk, Bart. to the memory of his friend General Lawrence.

O'er lands and seas its tow'ring height display,
 Without the tribute of a single lay ?
 In charms unrivall'd shall bright *Mamhead*|| shine,
 And yet not challenge one poetic line ?
 Each smiling object gilds the cheerful scene,
 Seas, villas, rocks, and lawns for ever green
 Woods nodding on the lofty mountain's brow,
 And *Iſca* winding thro' the vale below.

Shall *Brixham*'s strand* glow in th' historic page,
 And brighter *Torr* no poet's pen engage ?
 Tho' hallow'd mitres glitter there no more,
 The friendly *Abbey*† still adorns the shore.
 There verdant meads, there hills and wood conspire
 To charm the sight and fan the Muse's fire.
 Wide-stretching rocks majestically bold
 Th' embosom'd bay within the land infold.

|| The seat of the Earl of Lisburne.

* The landing-place of King William.

† Torr-Abbey, the seat of George Cary, Esq.

There Britain's fleets secure at anchor lie,
 Hear tempests howl, and all their rage defy.
 There meek Religion's ancient Temple rose,
 How great, how fall'n, the mournful ruin shows.
 Of sacrilege behold what heaps appear,
 Nor blush to drop the tributary tear.
 Here stood the font; here on high columns raised
 The dome extended; there the altar blazed.
 The shatter'd aisles, with clust'ring ivy hung,
 The yawning arch, in rude confusion flung,
 Sad-striking remnants of a former age,
 To pity now might melt the spoiler's rage.
 Lo! sunk to rest the wearied Vot'ry sleeps,
 While o'er his urn the gloomy cypress weeps.
 Here silent pause, here draw the pensive sigh,
 Here musing learn to live, here learn to die.

But why thus linger on the sea-beat shore,
 And absent scenes thro' distant views explore?

Why search around for charms, when here alone
All charms in *Ugbrooke* are comprised in one ?

Oft has the Muse, my Lord, as here she stray'd,
With partial eyes these charming scenes survey'd.
Oft has she fondly wish'd these scenes to sing,
And in short essays tried her tender wing.
To wake her voice to harmony, each grace,
Each glowing feature of th' enchanting place
Persuasively unite. Collected here
As in a point all nature's charms appear.
Hills strive with woods, with water woods agree,
Of *Devon's* scenes the grand epitome.
Oft rambling in her dreams, for dreams by night
Retrace the objects, that by day delight,
She seem'd to climb the high hill's length'ning way,
Skim thro' the vale, and round the forest play.

Then rouse, fond Muse : when *Ugbrooke* thus inspires,
No vulgar flame thy gen'rous bosom fires.

Dare

Dare to be bold : thy arduous end to gain,
 As nature prompts, let judgment guide the strain.
 Suit to the task thy lofty-sounding voice,
 And by thy numbers vindicate thy choice.
 Where teeming Nature spreads such richness round,
 And paints with such variety the ground,
 Where nameless beauties crowd upon the sight,
 And charms unequal equally delight,
 The strains alike in unison should flow,
 Not stiffly high or negligently low,
 But what thro' all invariably must please,
 With unaffected dignity and ease :
 Should, like the place, bold Nature's art combine,
 And art be nature still in ev'ry line.
 Immortal thus shall royal *Windfor* live,
 Possess'd of all, that verse and taste can give.
 Unfading honours shall her forest crown,
 And pay the bard with what he gives, renown.
 In local merit, less does *Ugbrooke* shine,
 Or claim less favour from the vocal Nine ?

Here once great *Dryden* stray'd : here crown'd with bays
To lift'ning nymphs he sung his Mantuan lays.

Bold as he sung, he felt new raptures roll
In ev'ry vein, and swell his glowing soul.
Of woods and rocks the blended light and shade,
The solemn grotto and romantic glade,
The chequer'd landscape and surrounding scenes
Of waving forests, and immortal greens
Taught his bright mind with brighter sparks to glow,
And his bold verse in bolder strains to flow.
At ev'ry step, where'er he turn'd his eyes,
Fresh charms he saw in quick succession rise ;
Hills mixt with hills, as if by magic sound,
Start into form in sweet disorder round.
Save, where judicious Art held Nature's hand,
And single trees in scatter'd beauty stand,
Bold rising woods still crowded on his view,
Clung to the rocks, and wonder'd how they grew.

Hence

Hence thro' the whole a noble air is thrown,
And *Ugbrooke* is for sylvan grandeur known.

Roused at the thought, the Muse with ardour ran,
Caught up her chorded lyre, and thus began.

When Nature first traced out the vast design,
And with her greater works bade *Ugbrooke* shine,
In stile unusual was the plan she drew,
At once to please and strike with something new.
Amid the Beautiful we here behold,
Each feature, as it rose, is strong and bold.
Not indigested or confusedly hurl'd,
But fair-proportion'd, as th' harmonious world,
The social parts in one great view appear,
That form a whole both wild and regular.
To those, who judge by studied rules of art,
And make the whole subservient to a part,
Whose taste the neat parterre and formal line
Of flow'ring shrubs and circling path confine,

No seemly grace th' unpolish'd draught may show :
 'Tis not for them the great Sublime to know.

Above the plain fee hills on hills arise,
 New objects vary still, and still surprise.
 O'er cultured vales our eyes unbounded roam
 To wilds remote, and still confess their home.
 For no mark'd bounds the sev'ral parts control,
 Hills, woods, and rocks, form one united Whole.
 Steep *Haldon* here his sable ridge extends,
 There *Dart's* high *Torr* in cloud-capt pomp ascends.
 Around th' horison, broken and unev'n,
 Dark mountains spread, and hide the bending heav'n.
 Quick as we move, they seemingly advance
 To meet our steps, and mingle in the dance ;
 Now sideways join, now back diffusedly slide
 In rugged groups, and o'er the vale divide.
 The lovely vale, diversified with fields,
 Amid the waste a pleasing contrast yields.

There

There devious streams their rapid tribute bring
T' enrich the current of majestic *Teing*.
The *Teing*, collected in his wat'ry force,
Between the mountains works his various course :
Now clad with greens conceals his silent flood,
Now skirts the mead, and dives within the wood :
Then murmurs on, and bursting into day,
O'er rocky fragments rolls his waves away :
But rolls not far, before he winds again,
As loath to leave the fascinating plain,
When nobly flowing with a wider sweep,
He joins the tide, and rushes to the deep.

Sleek lowing herds along his borders feed,
Amidst his flocks the shepherd tunes his reed.
Heart-cheering gladness breathes in ev'ry gale,
And industry with plenty strows the vale.
No democratic cry, no lawless roar
Of raving Anarchy assails the shore.

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No Gallic leveller's detested plan,
 No rude invader of the laws of man
 Here whets the steel, or lifts the murd'rous hand
 Of life or wealth to rob the peaceful land.
 But loyal shouts from ev'ry hamlet round,
 From ev'ry cot, and ev'ry tongue resound :
 With hand and heart support the royal throne,
 And in their *Sov'reign's* rights congratulate their own.

Teington and *Kerfwell* first in order rise,
 Their chalky turrets gleaming thro' the skies.
 Kings there, 'tis sung, once strove for martial fame ;
 Each village still retains the kingly name.*
 Next lofty *Hennock* crowns the mountain's height,
 Here *Illington* and *Bovey* greet our fight,
 There *Denbury* † unfolds his camp, his wood,
 His hills and rocks, distain'd with Danish blood.

* Kingsteington and Kingskerfwell.

† Seat of Thomas Taylor, Esq.

Here

Here *Highweek's* tow'r, the sailer's landmark stands,
 There *Crestow's* rock the bosky vale commands.
 The heath e'en shines, and with expensive toil
 Improving *Stoford** clothes th' ungrateful soil.
 Here *White-way†* peeps, there pleasant *Ingsdon‡* smiles,
 While *Brent's* dim *Torr* our wand'ring eye beguiles.
 Here screen'd from storms and blasts of wintry skies,
 In the deep shade sequester'd *Ideford* lies:
 And here our steps inviting *Chudleigh* leads
 Thro' flow'ry fields and ever-blooming meads.

Here *Lewel-woods* with *Ugbrooke* hills unite,
 How rich, how full, how prominent and bright!
 Soft purling streams in wild meanders flow,
 And shelt'ring groves forbid the storm to blow.
 In contrast with the smiling *Villa's* grace,
 A rock there stands, the guardian of the place.

* Seat of James Templar, Esq.

† Seat of Montagu Edmund Parker, Esq.

‡ Seat of Charles Hale, Esq.

With

With frowning front he seems to threat the sky,
 As from his side the marble fragments fly.
 His uncouth shape, by age and tempests torn,
 Loose-pendent shrubs and shaggy weeds adorn.
 On his high cliffs the browsing flocks appear
 To shrink within the clouds, and feed in air,
 While pressing thro' the mazes of his wood,
 Close at his feet descends the foaming flood.
 Waked Echo hears the rushing waters bound,
 And from her cave returns the rushing sound.

With bolder notes now raise the tuneful song,
 To bolder scenes more tuneful notes belong.
 Not nodding Pelion with his sylvan host,
 Nor Ida's self a prouder fight can boast,
 Than what yon Mount,* with forest honours crown'd,
 Exhibits to his kindred mountains round.

* Mount-Pleasant, within the Park.

There

There thriving elms and ash dispute the prize
 With sturdier oaks, that brave the stormy skies.
 Their spreading limbs with rich luxuriance bend,
 Above the clouds their stately heads ascend.
 Sweet-scenting limes a softer hue display,
 And balmy firs perfume the dawn of day.
 There, brought from Lebanon, the cedar shines,
 Transalpine poplars, chestnut, planes, and pines,
 Broad-branching beech, and larch with spiry pride,
 O'er a vast tribe of vulgar trees preside.
 Now bow'ring greens their woven shades unite,
 That scarce admit the glimm'ring streaks of light.
 Now op'ning glades disclose the puzzled way,
 And cheer the prospect with a blaze of day.
 Thro' shapeless boughs we catch th' expanding view,
 Thro' ev'ry change the varying scene pursue;
 Each growing charm with eager look explore,
 And scan with fresh delight each feature o'er.

Not

Not so in ancient days appear'd the land,
When *Danish* rovers rush'd on *Teingmouth's* strand.
Then on these hills were new encampments* seen,
And threat'ning lances gleam'd along the green.
The rampart here still undemolish'd stands,
The platform there the valley still commands,
The mould'ring outwork still its crescent shows,
Here sunk the ditch, and there the castle rose.
Where Danes once flaked their thirst, here weeps the rill
In gentle murmurs stealing down the hill.
Then were *Britannia's* brighter days o'ercast,
Her towns a ruin, and her fields a waste.
Her plunder'd swains, untrain'd to war's alarms,
Nor taught the feats and exercise of arms,
To lonely deserts from their hamlets fled,
Or with their slaughter'd teems defenceless bled.

At length immortal *Alfred* raised his hand
To snatch from bondage freedom's native land.

* Danish camp in the park.

Aloft in air the royal banner flew,
And round their Prince a hoft of heroes drew.
Arm'd for their country's good, along they prefs'd ;
With thirft of glory panted ev'ry breaft.
Swift as the bird of cloud-compelling Jove,
Upon the foe refiftlefs *Alfred* drove,
And bade the battle bleed. Keen flafhes fly
From his broad fteel ; in heaps the vanquish'd die.
On *Haldon* hill by his avenging fword,
Himself a hoft, fell *Denmark's* fwarthy Lord.
Fierce as he fell, he rued the fatal wound,
Grinn'd in the pangs of death, and bit the ground.
From him the Down* derives its vulgar name,
The lafting monument of *Denmark's* fhame.
To face the fight then *Danes* prefumed no more,
But fled the field, and fought the Baltic fhore.

Thus when the winds rufh'd from *Æolia's* plain
To wreck *Æneas* in the ftormy main,

* Hall-down commonly called Haldon.

Pale *Trojans* saw the gath'ring tempests sweep
Across the sky, and settle on the deep.
The clouds now burst, now from the kindling pole
Red lightnings flash, and angry thunders roll.
Indignant *Neptune* heard the surges roar,
And in huge mountains break upon the shore.
Then calmly rising from the ruffled flood,
As round his car the sea-born *Tritons* stood,
With stern rebuke he bade the tumult cease,
Fly, winds, he cried; they fled, and all was peace.
So fell the war. *Britannia* smiled to see
Her King triumphant, and her people free:
Herself revered by all the nations round,
Alike for commerce as in arms renown'd.

But hark! what pealing shouts the forest cheer?
The fancied sound still vibrates on the ear.
Lo! where the *Danes* had raised the hostile mound,
Victorious *Britons*, now with laurel crown'd,

Their

Their joyous pæans in loud chorus sing ;
 The woods, the rocks, and hollow mountains ring.
 Borne on the winds exulting pæans rise,
 And float in swelling triumph to the skies.
 With conscious warmth each hero's bosom glows,
 And down his cheek the silent transport flows.
 In transport lost each foldier had by chance
 Around th' intrenchment fix'd his pointed lance :
 The lance with music animated grew,
 Off from its spear the polish'd metal flew.
 Now strange to tell, quick strikes the fibrous root,
 While high in air the spreading branches shoot.
 The smooth round trunk enclosing bark confines,
 And in full bloom the bursting foliage shines.
 Thus, where a host of martial lances stood,
 In oval shape now stands the marshall'd wood.

Hail, sacred shades, the Muse's soft retreat,
 The haunt of Wisdom, and the Graces' seat,

Your

Your guest for life a friendly Bard receive ;
 'Tis all he asks ; O grant, if not, forgive.
 Here let him sing his unambitious lays,
 Here steal thro' life, here close his peaceful days.
 So shall no slaught'ring ax, with stroke profane,
 Assault the honours of your sylvan reign.
 The trees, by luckless fate condemn'd to fall,
 From other hills let guilty gamesters call ;
 Of yours not one the rueful die shall mourn,
 Nor from its station be ignobly borne.

The great, the gay, now wild and thoughtless grown,
 May whirl thro' all the follies of the town,
 From plays to routs, from routs to masquerades,
 Turn night to day, and day to midnight shades.
 But there life's purest joys they ne'er will know,
 Such as these flow'ry sylvan scenes bestow.
 Unenvied let the Virtuosi prize
 Their birds, their insects, grubs and butterflies ;

Bid

Bid lifeless forms in dainty order lie,
 And with stuff'd mummies feed the tasteless eye.
 Here life itself more sprightly decks the day,
 When on the lawn the hare and pheasant play,
 Or when the deer, exulting with a bound,
 Darts thro' the glade, and springs along the ground.

O'er mouldy busts let Antiquaries pore,
 Of urns and coins the sacred rust adore ;
 Change scores of *George's* for one *Otho's* face,
 And learnedly enjoy the precious brags.
 Of ancient honours here, of long-lived fame
 More modern marks our better homage claim.
 These rev'rend hills, with aged forests crown'd,
 These groves, this sylvan majesty around,
 Of sage progenitors to sons unborn
 Shall mark the seat, and still the seat adorn.

This

This is the feat famed *Clifford** once admired,
 'Twas here, too wise for state, he once retired.
Clifford, unawed by interest or fear,
 Hypocrisy's false garb disdain'd to wear.
 No slave to party or the fickle crowd,
 The schemes he plann'd, he publicly avow'd.
 Friend to his King, by principle was just,
 Inflexible and steady to his trust.
 But when to private pique, and each vile end
 The public weal was basely made to bend,
 When Honesty no more approach'd the throne,
 Nor Loyalty her sentiments could own,
 When to be great, men were no longer good,
 And careless *Charles* went headlong with the flood,
 Then the much-injured Treasurer withdrew,
 Aftrea-like, nor courts nor courtiers knew.

* Lord High Treasurer Clifford. See his character in Macpherson.
 Vol. I.

Let speculative Sages range the sphere
Of heav'nly orbs, and trace the changing year
Fix motion's laws, explain attraction's force,
The cause of thunder and the lightning's course ;
Say, round the lazy poles if oceans flow,
Or lands lie buried in eternal snow ;
Tell, why the tides respect their sandy bound,
And fear to trespass on forbidden ground.
'Tis yours, my Lord, to form the rural seat,
And add new lustre to your own retreat,
To model with the Genius of the place
Each leading feature, each spontaneous grace,
To shade the hill, to scoop or swell the green,
And break with wild diversities the scene.
For as you plan, the Genius still presides,
Directs each stroke, and each improvement guides.
Hence thro' the whole, irregularly great,
Nature and Art the wondrous work complete ;
In all so true, so unperceived the skill,
That nature modified is nature still.

Obsequious

Obsequious rills unite their liquid store,
 And fishes sport, where vipers lurk'd before.
 Distinguish'd from the rest a fountain flows,
 That has no equal, and no rival knows.
 A marble rock its copious stream supplies,
 Thence springs its source, and there its treasure lies.
 A concave form the shelving sides betray,
 And crowding trees exclude the solar ray.
 Hence let *Arcturus* drench the hills with rain,
 Or fiery *Cancer* parch with drought the plain,
 The limpid well an even current pours,
 By suns not heated, nor distain'd by show'rs.

Along the vale, adorn'd with lawn and wood,
 Now winds the deep, the wide-extended flood.
 Clear as the wave of *Torr's* transparent bay,
 When dazzling sunbeams on its surface play,
 The smooth expanse reflects a floating gleam
 Of verdant slopes, that paint the lucid stream.

Where

Where once they grazed, the wond'ring deer descry
 Inverted tow'rs, that meet the downward sky :
 Then trembling start with wild surprise to hear
 New sounds of water rushing on their ear.
 Spent in the windings of the skirting grove,
 The ling'ring current scarcely seems to move,
 When lo ! abruptly from the rocky steep
 Headlong it falls, and dashes down the deep.
 From crag to crag the tumbling waters bound,
 And foam, and fret, and whirl their eddies round,
 'Till by degrees in milder falls they play,
 And in soft whispers gently glide away.
 Luxuriant oaks, by wanton nature bred,
 Along the banks their waving honours spread.

Now pleased we turn, and see the Mansion rise
 With battlements and tow'rs, that emulate the skies ;
 In stile and plan so fitted to the place,
 That each on each reflects a sister grace.

C

Let

Let loud *Pomposo* puff his villa's cost,
 And brag the sums magnificently lost :
 No pompous littleness these structures know,
 Nor pile up vain extravagance for show.
 Altho' no heaps of glittering expence
 Our pride here flatter, or mislead our sense,
 Altho' the wall no crowded paintings hide,
 And no *Sir Joshua* stands by *Lely's* * side ;
 Altho' no colours on the canvass glow,
 But what a *Van Dyke*, † or a *Titian* ‡ show,
 A *Lint*, § a *Rubens*, || or a *Guido's* ¶ stile,
 Or *Gentileschi* ** in the *Virgin's* smile ;
 Altho' no figures load the ceiling's weight,
 Nor gorgeous columns prop its falling height,

* A portrait of Lord Treasurer Clifford by Sir Peter Lely.

† A picture of the Tribute Money.

‡ The Adulteress Woman and a Magdalen.

§ A picture of the Little Children by Peter Van Lint.

|| A picture of the Virgin and Child.

¶ A Magdalen.

** A picture of the Holy Family.

Yet still there is, what more our judgment charms.
 'Tis taste, 'tis manly elegance, that warms
 And dignifies the whole. Thus rose the plan,
 Thus *Adams* modell'd what you first began.

No more let *Phrygia* boast her needle's grace,
 Nor beds of state in *Tyrian* colours trace ;
 But here her skill and all her art forego,
 Here gaze with envy or with rapture glow.
 See,* on the filken ground how *Flora* pours
 Her various dyes and opulence of flow'rs ;
 How, blended with the foliage of the rose
 And rich carnation, the streak'd tulip blows.
 The downy peach and curling vine appear
 With all the treasures of the purple year.
 Poised on her velvet plumes of vivid green,
 The Paroquet enlivens here the scene ;
 With half-expanded wing there fits the Dove
 In rising attitude ; intent above

* The state bed.

She turns her eye, where on extended wings
 Thro' fields of air her lively consort springs.
 With yellow crests the Cockatoos unfold
 Their milky plumage, stain'd with tints of gold.
 Here fresh as life in all their glory drest,
 The bold Maccaws display the scarlet breast,
 The painted neck of variegated hue,
 And glossy wings of bright cerulean blue.

This graceful *Norfolk's** skill alone could teach,
 This such is fate, no other hand shall reach.
 This, the rich emblem of her noble mind,
 For *Norfolk's* heir she traced, at once design'd
 A monument of taste: Alas, how vain
 Are oft our schemes, how mixt with seeds of pain
 Are half our joys ! In life no sooner known,
 But, as a lily cut untimely down,
Howard† was snatch'd away. With him expired
 My hope, she said, and all I once desired.

* Maria, Dutchess of Norfolk.

† Edward Howard, Esq. son of the Hon. Philip Howard by
 his second wife, the sister of her Grace of Norfolk.

In him kind Heav'n had ev'ry gift combin'd,
 That forms the heart, and trains the virtuous mind.
Howard—a name still sad, yet ever dear—
 And at the name out gush'd the big round tear :
 O *Clifford*, now my second hope, receive
 This last best pledge *Maria's* hand can give.
 So shall I smile, howe'er by fortune crost,
 In you to find the work has not been lost.

She said : and *Ugbrooke* to his splendid store
 Added this one unequall'd treasure more.
 Th' assenting Genius smiled, was glad to see
 Art still with nature vie, and still agree.
 Alike in all thus Art and Nature grace
 With neat, with rich simplicity the place.

No stiff formality, no noise or strife
 Here cloud the day, or damp the joys of life.
 Each cheerful morn, with ease and plenty stored,
 Spreads for each welcome guest the friendly board.

No plaintive sigh heaves from the sorrow'd breast,
 But Pity feels, and comforts the distress'd :
 Supports pale Sickness on her bed of grief,
 Prepares the medicine and imparts relief :
 To helpless Age and Want divides the bread,
 And bids Despondence raise her drooping head.
 Thanks to the hand, from whence such bounties flow,
 With heart-felt joy the grateful Poor bestow.
 Hence on the noble *Pair* in show'rs descend
 The purest blessings Heav'n itself can send.
 Domestic virtues in fair order move,
 Connubial faith, and harmony and love.
 Hence of celestial Pow'rs the fav'rite care,
 May all their offspring all those blessings share !
 May to their own their Parents virtues join,
 And with new lustre swell the *Clifford* line !

Blithe as the morn, and as *Narcissus* fair,
 In bloom of youth behold the rising *Heir* !

In converse gay, in sentiment refined,
In manners courteous, friend to all mankind.
That sprightly life, which sparkles in his eye,
That captivating air—soon, soon must die.
Beside his couch in vain his *Consort* kneels,
Consoles his pains, and ev'ry sorrow feels.
With many an anxious thought, and many a sigh,
Thro' all the changes of a foreign sky,
By love, by friendship, and by duty led,
For him she had from ev'ry comfort fled,
For him had sought, what titles, honours, wealth
Could ne'er command, the first of blessings, health :
'Till worn and spent, and lab'ring now for breath,
She sees him fainting in the arms of death.
No help, no friend, no confident is near
To sooth her grief or catch the falling tear.
As a tall poppy, when o'ercharged with rain,
Bends drooping down, and sinks upon the plain,
So sunk the *Peer*—in life to shine no more,
Consign'd to dust on *Munich's* distant shore.

There while he sleeps, let hallow'd tapers burn,
And Angels watch around his sculptured urn.

From the still shade of sweet domestic life,
Unknown to envy and ambitious strife,
Now first in rank steps forth the second *Son*
To finish what his active *Sire* begun.
With him a *Nymph** of *Wardour's* princely dome
To fix the Graces in their ancient home
His pleasing *Consort* comes : their joy, their care
A blooming *Offspring* crowns the happy *Pair*.
Away our sorrows at the prospect fly,
And bright'ning transports beam in ev'ry eye.
Reviving *Ugbrooke* casts his broken plumes,
His former state and dignity resumes.

* The daughter of Lord Arundell of Wardour.

C A T O.

A TRAGEDY.

By MR. ADDISON.



DONE INTO LATIN VERSE

WITHOUT THE LOVE SCENES.

C 5

CATO.

C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

WITHOUT THE

LOVE SCENES.

SECOND EDITION.

*Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo,
Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ
compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter
pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem,
jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas pub-
licas erectum.*

SEN. & Divin. Prov.

C A T O.

TRAGOEDIA.

AUTORE CLARISSIMO VIRO

JOSEPHO ADDISON,

Inter Angliæ nostræ principes Poëtas

JURE NUMERANDO

OMISSIS AMATORIIS SCENIS,

LATINO CARMINE VERSA.

EDITIO SECUNDA.

*Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo
Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ
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licas erectum.*

SEN. d: Divin. Prov.

To the READER.

VOLTAIRE sur la Tragedie Angloise.

M. VOLTAIRE in his remarks on the English Tragedy, thus speaks of Mr. ADDISON's Cato.

LE CATON de Mr. ADDISON me paroît le plus beau personnage, qui soit sur aucun Théâtre; mais les autres rôles de la piece n'y repondent pas; & cet ouvrage si bien écrit est défiguré par un intrigue froide d'amour, qui repand sur la piece une langueur, qui la tuë.

La coûtume d'introduire de l'amour à tort & à travers dans les ouvrages dramatiques, passa de Paris a Londres vers l'an 1660 avec nos rubans & nos perruques. Les femmes qui parent les spectacles, comme ici, ne veulent plus souffrir qu'on leur parle d'autre chose que d'amour. Le sage ADDISON eût la molle complaisance de plier la severité de son caractère aux mœurs de son tems, & gâta un chef d'œuvre pour avoir voulu plaire.

Mr.

MR. ADDISON'S CATO is, in my opinion, the greatest character, that ever appeared on the stage; but the inferior parts of the play are no ways answerable to it. That excellent work is disfigured by an insipid intrigue, which, by the extreme flatness of it, murders the whole piece.

The custom of introducing love, right or wrong, upon the stage, passed from Paris to London about the year 1660, with our ribands and perukes. The ladies, who grace the public appearance at theatrical exhibitions there, as they do here, will hear nothing but love. The grave ADDISON was so weak, as to submit his austere genius to the manners of the age, and, out of a desire to please, spoiled a masterly performance.

THE intent of the Translator being to set forth the generous sentiments of the Roman Patriot in a language he formerly spoke, greater care has been taken to preserve the dignity of thought and expression, than to give a verbal translation.

Nec

Nec verbo verbum curabit reddere fidus

Interpres HOR.

The Love Scenes being entirely out, it has been necessary here and there to make some small change in the original expression, and sometimes to borrow verses from different scenes, to make the transition and connection of the parts natural.

In the margin are marked the chief changes and the places, where the verses are to be found, which in this version are read in other scenes.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CATO,
LUCIUS, SENATOR.
SEMPRONIUS, SENATOR.
JUBA, NUMIDIÆ *Princeps*.
SYPHAX, *Dux* NUMIDARUM.
PORCIUS, } CATONIS *Filii*.
MARCUS, }
DECIUS, *Legatus à CÆSARE*.

Nuncius, Seditiosi, Satellites, &c.

SCENA UTICÆ in *Pratorio*.

CATO.

C A T O.

ACT I. — SCENE I.

PORCIUS, MARCUS.

PORCIUS.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato*, and of Rome. Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and fees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword.

Should

C A T O.

ACTUS PRIMUS. — SCENA PRIMA.

PORCIUS, MARCUS.

PORCIUS.

OBTECTA dubium nube squalenti jubar
Aurora terris revehit exoriens diem
Inauspicatum, lugubri fato gravem
Romæ & Catonis. Patris effusus cruor
Civilis omne penitus impleret nefas,
Clademque belli. Parte plus mediâ insolens
Orbis subactâ, Cæsar humanum genus
Rarefcere videt mæste deletum impio.

Si

Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works !

MARCUS.

Thy steady temper, Porcius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy.
I'm tortured, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor. Ev'ry time he's nam'd,
Pharfalia rises to my view. I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood.
Oh Porcius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,

Red

Si porro pergat, terra, jam propè incolis
Exhausta, tantis criminum haud ultrà queat
Sufficere monstis. Quanta, proh superi, mala
Invexit orbi dira regnandi sitis !

MARCUS.

Virtute nixus Stoicâ has rerum vices,
Hæc sæva patriæ busta tranquillo potes
Animo intueri. Mente ego insanâ feror,
Quoties superbi imago victoris subit.
Quoties ad aures Cæsaris nomen venit,
Theſſalica toties arva Romano ebria
Cruore, toties cæde bacchantem ferâ
Cernere tyrannum videor. Insultans equo
Vehitur per aciem civibus stratam suis,
Humilique mixtos plebe patricos duces
Cruentus obterit unguâ. O, si quod polo est
Fulmen repostum, fulmen insueto rubens
Furore, Porci, nubibus ruptis micet,
Virique flammâ vindice involvat caput,

Qui

Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

PORCIUS.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills, that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him.
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
Against a world, a base degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæsar*?
Pent up in *Utica*, he vainly forms

Qui per ruinas patriæ sternit sibi

Iter ad honores !

PORCIUS.

Ille, mihi crede, impio

Qui scelere paritur, splendidè mendax honor

Haud invidendus fuerit. O quantò magis

Operosa patris inclyti virtus nitet !

Spisâ malorum nube depressus licèt

Multa aspera tulit, major è dubiis tamen

Micuit procellis, luce conspicuus novâ.

Multa quoque bello passus, infelix sacra

Dum jura libertatis & Romæ asserit.

MARCUS.

Nemo ista nescit. Quid tamen *Cato* potest

Solus, ubi Roma degener & iners sibi

Servile patitur facilis imponi jugum ?

Inclusus Uticæ mœnibus frustra studet

Fulcire lapsum Romuli imperii decus.

Milite Numidio cinctus exiguum regit

Umbram

A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heav'ns, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul. Our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORCIUS.

Remember, what our father oft has told us.
The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors.
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

MARCUS.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease.
Oh Porcius, did'st thou taste but half the griefs,

That

Umbram senatûs, fractaque virorum agmina,
Tenues reliquias Cæsaris, in aciem trahit.
Dii, tanta virtus dum malis tantis jacet
Oppressa, lancinat intimum pectus delor.
Hæc si Catonis pretia virtutem manent,
Quis non Catonis penè dubitaret sequi
Præcepta, Porci?

PORCIUS.

Sæpè nos docuit pater
Consilia superùm mille mæandros, sinus
Habere mille, mille & errorum vias.
Unde inchoetur, vel ubi sese ordo explicet
Indeprehensus, lassâ mens nequit assequi.
Caliginosâ nocte sed pressum latet,
Quicquid removit ab acie humanâ Deus.

MARCUS.

Tranquillioris sensa mentis ista sunt.
Me mille curæ, multiplex me angit dolor.
O chare Porci, tale si quidquam modò

Paterêre,

That wring my soul, thou could'st not talk thus coldly.
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls upon me,*
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.

PORCIUS.

Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof.
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul.
To quell thy fears and guard thy drooping heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy *Cato's* son.

MARCUS.

Porcius, the counsel, which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see, that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.

* These two verses are taken out of the second scene of the third act, where Porcius speaks.

Paterêre, non sic mente compositâ anxia
Tempora loquendo falleres. Impar malis
Animus ferendis deficit, lâbat, cadit.

PORCIUS.

Dii sic virile pectus ærumnis probant.
Maçte ergo virtute novâ, age omnes impiger
Intende nervos, & animi vim omnem advoca,
Totúmque patrem. Vincere imbelles metus,
Sortémque forti pectore adversam pati,
Magni Catonis filium & juvat & decet.

MARCUS.

Confilia capere indocilis ægrefcit magis
Animus medendo. Ruere in hostiles globos
Laurúmque petere morte venalem jube ;
Haud unquam ab altâ laude degenerem patris
Marcum videbis. Inultus aſt ubi mala

D

Circùm

But when I see success still follows Cæsar,
And still backs his crimes, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes,
Life hangs upon me and becomes a burden.*

PORCIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince !
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
What, shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great *Cato's* son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul ?

MARCUS.

Porcius, no more. Your words leave stings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Porcius, shew
A virtue, that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour ?

* Vide the first and fourth scene of act II. where Cato speaks ;
and the first scene of act III. where Marcus speaks.

PORCIUS.

Circùm ingruentia cerno, ubi fata & deos
Cerno usque placidos Cæsari, iratos piis,
Mœrore fessum lucis æthereæ piget.

PORCIUS.

Suspice Numidiæ principem : en quanto flagrans
Amore gloriæ indolem feram domat,
Nostri parentis æmulus. Fato altior
Inter cadentes fortis adversæ minas
Vestigia patris passibus anhelis legit.
Quid, an Catonis filius cedit Jubæ ?
Romanus Afro ?

MARCUS.

Parce plura : acres sinu
Stimulos sub alto figis. Ecquando Juba,
Ecquando Porcius ipse me pigrum arguit
Honoris ?

PORCIUS.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well.
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's pity.

PORCIUS.

Heav'n knows, I pity thee. Behold my eyes ;
Ev'n whilst I speak . . . do they not swim in tears ?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow ?

PORCIUS.

O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

PORCIUS.

Est generosa mihi nota indoles.

Vel ipsa tenuis umbra te totum excitat,
Dedecoris ipsum nomen in flammis rapit.

MARCUS.

A fratre lachrymas postulat fratris dolor.

PORCIUS.

Contestor astra, Marce, me miseret tui.
Hæc cerne lumina: nonne dum loquor, madent
Perfusa fletu? O si tibi nudum quoque
Cor hoc pateret, cerneres totum tuo
Dolore faucium.

MARCUS.

Ergo quid plagam asperas,
Et non amicâ mitigas potiùs manu?

PORCIUS.

Ter chare frater, fare, si quæ te premunt,
Hæc te levare mole curarum queam.
Equidem vel ipsâ morte fraternos velim
Redimere luctus.

MARCUS.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends !
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes.
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

[*Exit.*



SCENE

MARCUS.

O mihi frater fide

Juncte Pyladeâ, parce turbato malis

Animo, ac dolori facilis indulge meo.

Sempronius venit : animi hunc mollem decet

Celare luctum.

[*Exit.*



2 D 4

SCENA.

SCENE II.

ENTER SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

CONSPIRACIES no sooner should be form'd,
Than executed. What means Porcius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

[*Aside.*]

SEMPRONIUS, PORCIUS.

Good morrow Porcius! Let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, whilst yet we both are free:
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This fun perhaps, this morning fun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORCIUS.

SCENA SECUNDA.

INTRAT SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

U BI agitur aut vita aut salus,

Consilia nullum capta patiuntur moram.

Verùm quid isthic Porcius? Oportet, vafer

Arcana cordis fronte simulatâ tegam.

[*Seorfim.*

SEMPRONIUS, PORCIUS.

Salveto, Porci! Mutuo amplexu frui

Dum liberis licet, in tuum sinum ruo.

Si cras eandem fortè testemur fidem,

Uterque fervum in brachia accipiat sua.

Hodierna forsan ultima hæc venit dies,

Quæ Romuli urbem cernat immunem jugo.

D 5

PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
The leavings of Pharfalia, to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent,
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than *Cato's* presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful.
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Porcius !
The world has all its eyes on *Cato's* son:
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

Parvum senatum jussit hodierno pater
Mane huc coire, & quid statu hoc rerum juvet,
Consulere secum : an quâ arte pervinci queat
Fortuna, sitne aliquando cedendum malis,
Queis sunt resistendo impares Romæ atque Dii.

SEMPRONIUS.

Consilia præfens nostra cum *Cato* regit,
Secura posito Roma respirat metu :
Victorque vel dum bella per mundum vehit,
Tremat ipse Cæsar. Quin age & tu aude quoque
Virtute, Porci, in simile conniti decus.
Magni Catonis fama præcluserit tibi
Latebras inertes. Judices in te omnium
Vertuntur oculi, nobili an dignum patre,
Laudisne degenerem, in tuâ situm est manu.

PORCIUS.

Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll deserve it.

[*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS SOLUS.

Curse on the stripling ! How he apes his fire ?
Ambitiously sententious ! But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not. His Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it ; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course:
Cato has used me ill. He has refused

His

PORCIUS.

Benè monuisti : me pigræ quanquam moræ
Ipsa nimis arguit hora. Militum ociùs
Turmas adibo, dumque conveniunt patres,
Monendo quidquid potero, ad arma defides
Animos ciebo : gloriæ accensos siti
Hortabor acres tendere in bella & neces
Patriæ atque libertatis ultores suæ.
Certos, amice, nemo successus potest
Sibi arrogare ; at nos, quod est honestius,
Merebimur virtute.

[Exit.

SEMPRONIUS SOLUS. }

Malè pereat puer

Sententiosus ! Ut animum affectat patris
Tumidùmque fastum ! Sed ubi cunctatur Syphax ?
Vafer ille Numida scelere fœcundum gerit
Aptùmque pectus, ni usque ad inceptum foret
Stimulo incitandus. Me malè accepit Cato.

Meritis

His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That shew's down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours.

[Sypbax enters.]



SCENE

Meritis minorem retulit ingratus vicem.

Superbientis tanta fastidia viri

Non sunt ferenda. Me sibi generum negat.

Dum Marte porrò fractus adverso jacet,

Ambitio nullam elusa mercedem feret.

Sin Cæsaris castra sequor, ad primos patet

Aditus honores.

[*Ingreditur Syphax.*



SCENA

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*SYPHAX.***S**EMPRONIUS, all is ready.

I've founded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt. They all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste.
Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas ! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul.
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war ! In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage.
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march.

The

SCENA TERTIA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

CUNCTA pro votis eunt,

Numidas viritim voce compellans meos,

Quæ cuique mens sit, quæve, tentavi, fides.

Duce sub *Catone* gravia militiæ palam

Munia queruntur, & alium extemplò sequi

Uno propè omnes ore deposcunt ducem.

SEMPRONIUS.

Mihi crede, nullam tempus admittit moram.

Amice, vel dum loquimur, armorum ingruens

In nos procellâ propiùs huc victor tonat.

Proh quantus ardor impetu vasto omnia

Latè ruentem Cæsarem in bellum rapit !

Natura frustrà montium objecit moras,

Frustrà æstuantia pandit oceanus vada.

Per

The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him.
Thro' winds and waves, and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle. One day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

STYPHAX.

Alas! he's lost.

He's lost, Sempronius. All his thoughts are full
Of *Cato's* virtues. But I'll try once more,
For ev'ry instant I expect him here,
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,

Would

Per mare, per ignes, pérque ventorum minas
Molitus iter in proelia impatiens ruit.
Alpésque Pyrenæque submittunt juga,
Facilémque sternunt saxa properanti viam.
His fortè muris victor insultet priùs,
Quàm sol sub undas craftinum condat diem.
Sed age, approbatne nostra consilia Juba?

SYPHAX.

Heu spes inanes! Pertinax juveni furor,
Æquum, fidesque, & nescio quid animum abstulit.
Adeò in Catonem cæcus & præceps amor
Penitùs per omnes toxicum infudit fibras,
Rectumque Numidam tetricâ infecit lue.
Brevi affuturum expecto: rigidum denuò
Tentabo pectus.

SEMPRONIUS.

Omnia exploret Syphax.
Nostri attrahatur consili in partem Juba,
Victoriisq; adjecta veteribus Africa

Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together ? Gods ! thou must be cautious !
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good Syphax. I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ; 'tis the surest way.
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick. Would'st thou be thought in earnest
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African, deceit !

SEMPRONIUS.

Zonæ rubentis Cæsarem latè dabit
Dominum potentem.

SYPHAX.

Sed hodiè nunquid *Cato*
Cogit senatum ? Dî ! esse te cautum decet.
Oculo sagaci cuncta periustrans *Cato*
Consilia nostra perspiciet, altâ nisi
Tegantur arte.

SEMPRONIUS.

Ne metue Syphax : mihi
Sat ista curæ. Mente simulatâ vafer
Amore patriæ sensa velabo mea,
In Cæsarémque mille jactabo probra,
Donec labantes fando permoveam patres.
Se nempe seriò agere quis credi velit ?
Furore cæcos igneo sensus tegat,
Certámque fictis asseret verbis fidem.

SYPHAX.

Solertiam herclè mente versutâ potes
Vincere senilem, & fraude fallacem novâ
Afrum erudire.

SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more be sure, to try thy skill on Juba,
Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman foldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste.
O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.

[Exit.

SYPHAX SOLUS.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE

SEMPRONIUS.

Sed tu inexpertum nihil,

Tu nihil inausum linque, & indictum nihil.

Ego ad maniplos interim pergam meos,

Animosque vulgi facibus accendam novis,

Donec inopino turbine Catonem obruant.

Qui sis, Syphax, memento : properato est opus.

O quanta, nosti, cura sollicitum tenet,

Dum pendet anceps facinus. Auctori suo

Incepta, non peracta consilia nocent.

{*Exit.*

SYPHAX SOLUS.

Urgenda res est. Cæsar & bellum ingruit.

Malè obstinatum flectere in melius Jubam

Tentabo rursus, inque Romanum asperis

Incendere odiis.

SCENA

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts, that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA.

Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?

Do'it

SCENA QUARTA.

J U B A, S Y P H A X.

*JUBA.***C**OMMODE' occurris, Syphax,

Mihi expetitus. Ecqua rugosam asperat

Ægra tibi frontem cura? Cur solito magis

Mœstum intueris capite demisso solum?

SYPHAX.

Fallace risus ore simulatos dare,

Cum tristis intus infidet menti dolor,

Nec ingenî, nec artis est opus meæ.

Romanus adeò esse nequeo.

JUBA.

Ita rerum arbitros

Dominosque quorsum dente mordaci petis?

E

Romana

Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue ?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name ?

SYPHAX.

Gods ! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow,
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand ?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war ? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA.

These all are virtues of a meaner rank ;
Perfections, that are plac'd in bones and nerves.

A

Romana nunquid arma, virtutes, viros
Victus stupefcit orbis & adorat decus ?
Quæ gens arenas Africæ & fyrtes colit,
Quæ non vel ipsum nomen Aufonium tremit ?

SYPHAX.

Virtute Numidis, quæso, quâ tandem tuis
Gens illa præstat ? Promptior an hostem ferit ?
Velociusne sagitta Romanis volat
Excussa nervis ? Turbine an metam petit
Graviore jaculum Romulâ intortum manu ?
Quæ comparare regio se aufit Africæ,
Seu bello onustos in acie elephantas regat,
Seu docili anhelos indole sonipedes domet,
Equitêmq; doceat pariter & frænos pati ?
Hâc arte, princeps, Roma non Zamam anteit.

JUBA.

Vis offium illa est atque nervorum : altiùs
Romanus aciem mentis intendit suæ.
Humanitatis scilicet studio feros

A Roman soul is bent on higher views;
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws,
To make man mild, and sociable to man,
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life. Virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience, kind heav'ns! Excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and fallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?

JUBA.

Formare cultus hominum, inhospitos facris
Frænare populos legibus, & ic̃to rudes
Sociare gentes fœdere : hæc virtus, Syphax,
Romana pulchris artibus vitam excolit,
Placidósque mores barbarum mundum docet.

SYPHAX.

Quæ, quæso, Romana ista, quæ tandem fuit
Jactata virtus ? Quippe mendaci docet
Simulare vultu sensa, specioso oblita
Dare verba fuco, simul alia premere sinu,
Simul alia loqui, omnem abrogans linguæ fidem,
Quam fraudis inc̃cia cordis humani dedit
Interpretem natura.

JUBA.

To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to *Cato*.
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself.
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat ;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures, that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, there's not an African,
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts,
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase ;
Amidst the running stream he flakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night

On

JUBA.

Non imitabilem

Suspice Catonem, quem extulit diis propè parem

Romana virtus. Sobrius, justus, bonus,

Patiens laborum, frigoris, inediae, fitis,

Constans amicis, sibi severus, omnia

Oblata blandæ dona fortunæ abnuvit.

STYPHAX.

Deserta Libyæ nemo nostratûm, Juba,

Venando lustrat, vitam & arcu sustinet,

Qui non severiùs hæc virtutes colit.

Curis solutus libero vastos pede

Saltus pererrat, callidus tantûm feris

Struxisse fraudes. Rivus extinguit sitim,

Fortuita sylvis præda venanti dapes

Faciles ministrat. Nox ubi diurno opprimit

Labore fessum, membra prosternit solo ;

Recline durâ rupe sustentat caput,

Levesque somnos æthere sub udo trahit.

On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant, that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense ;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like *Cato* ?
Heav'ns ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings !
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods, that throw their weight upon him !

SYPHAX.

Dein cum recenti sole se recens levat,
Studia diurna sequitur, & si venam aquæ
Fors reperit illibatam & intactas dapes,
Superos adorat, féque regifico frui
Luxu arbitratur.

JUBA.

Barbaro abreptus, Syphax,
Furore nescis, vir quid intersit viro,
Vel quid humile supra vulgus heroem levet.
Sed esto: molles alter illecebras pari
Virtute spernat: Mente quis adeò tamen
Animosus atque fortis adversæ ferat
Sortis ruinam? Quippe quò premitur magis,
Hoc fortiore stat inter æumnas gradu,
Malisque ab ipsis robur assumit novum.

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of *Cato's* cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands, disfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why didst thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

What wouldst thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon *Cato*.

JUBA.

SYPHAX.

Id insolentis arguit fastum viri :

Ni fallor, Itali Stoicum fastum vocant.

Romanæ opinio tanta virtutis nisi

Fidum Catoni tuum ita junxisset patrem,

Acerba non sic fata fervili manu

Inglorius obiisset ; inhumata Libycis

Non tot virorum millia jacerent agris,

Pastura rabidos vulturum & lupum greges.

JUBA.

Renovare tristem quid, Syphax, luctum jubes ?

Cum reputo patrem ægro dolore cor tumet,

Lachrymisque manare humidæ incipiunt genæ.

SYPHAX.

O si paternis sapere didicisses malis !

JUBA.

Age fare, quonam sapere me velis modo ?

SYPHAX.

Desere Catonem.

JUBA.

Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate.
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
But *Cato* never at a time like this*
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments. No! his life's at stake;
And warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threat'ns aloud and calls me to the field.

* These five verses are *nearly* taken out of the fifth scene of the first act.

SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Sic patre bis orbus forem.

SYPHAX.

Hoc nempe rebar vinculo obstringi Jubam.
Marcia Catonem blanda commendat patrem.
Nil miror equidem si aure tam surdâ accipis
Monita, si ita tibi dicta vilescunt mea.

JUBA.

Syphax. caveto: liberas linguæ hætenus
Permisi habenas: disce dehinc premere tamen,
Ne plus loquare, audire quàm reges decet.
Sed otiosa terere causando pudet
Tempora, Catonis dubia dum pendet salus,
Dum marte flagrans Cæsar in aciem vocat.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX SOLUS.

Ten thousand curses light on thee and *Cato* !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT

SYPHAX SOLUS.

*Nigrantis erebi mille dii perdant malis
Jubam & Catonem! Cassus in ventum hætenus
Labor omnis iit. At cardine haud tanto decet
Cessare rerum. Sunt mihi modi, sunt doli,
Sunt technæ & artes mille. Tentabo omnia,
Quò pervicax frangatur ingenium Jubæ.*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.



ACTUS

A C T II.

SCENE I.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, SENATORES.

SEMPRONIUS.

R OME still survives in this assembled senate.
Let us remember, we are *Cato's* friends,
And act like men, who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

Cato will soon be here and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark ! he comes.

[*A sound of trumpets.*]

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him !

ENTER

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, SENATORS.

SEMPRONIUS.

HOC in senatu Roma nunc etiam viget.

Nos cum Catone retrò ruentis imperi

Fortuna junxit. Nostra sibi constet fides :

Sumamus animos grandibus cæptis pares,

Româque dignos.

LUCIUS.

Ipsè mox aderit *Cato*,

Nostrique præsens consilii aperiet modum.

[*Tuba canit.*

Audin ? adesse nunciat tubæ canor.

Dii sospitales, Roma queis curæ fuit,

Cœlestem amico numine asservent virum !

INTRAT

ENTER CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes.
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree,
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts. Are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS.

INTRAT CATO.

CATO.

Patriæ labantis fata, libertas, salus
Consilia vestra petere me cogit, Patres.
Lachrymosa portans bella propiori impetu
Minatur hostis. Insolens viri furor
Quâ reprimetur? Scelera perficere improbus
Pergit, nec usquam scelera successu carent.
Pharfalica acies Cæsari Romam dedit,
Quassata deinceps corrui Memphis solo,
Jugumque totâ Nilus Ægypto subit.
Quid Scipionis fata, quid cladem Jubæ
Memorem? Æstuant sanguine etiamnum calent
Lybies arenæ. Rapidus hostis ingruit,
Et ipsa vel deserta nobis invidet
Arentis Africæ. Agite nunc ergo, Patres,
Quid cuique fieri placeat, in medium date:
Malisne victos cedere tyranno juvet,
An fortiter pro patriâ, Româ atque Diis
Ad ultimum certare. Semproni, incipe.

SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is still for war.

Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate,
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death ?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise : 'tis Rome demands your help.
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate. The corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Theffaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame ! Our brothers of Pharfalia

Point

SEMPRONIUS.

Quisquamne claro genere Romanus potest
Pendere dubius, utrúmne præponat necem,
An servitutem? Bella, mavortia geri
Bella placet. Adeò protinus eamus, Patres,
Ferroque latera vindice accincti improbum
Petamus hostem. Mille densatis licet
Cuneis virorum robora tyrannum tegant,
Rumpemus aditus. Quis scit, an reliquis magis
Prospera tot inter una transadigat virum
Hausta, patriamque liberet & orbem iugo?
Quin surgite, Patres. Roma, libertas vocant.
Surgite jacentum civium ulturi neces,
Similive fato simile meritori decus.
Sanguine patricio Thessali exundant agri,
Nosque dubitando trahimus hinc lenti diem,
Pulchramne præstet petere per mortem decus,
An luctuosum ferre servitii probrum.
Torpentium animorum situm excutiat pudor.
Pharsalicâ caesorum acie oberrant ducum

Manes

Point at their wounds, and cry aloud To battle.
Great Pompey's shade complains, that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides.
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know, what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

Manes inulti : vulnera ostentant sua,
Et nos ad arma voce lugubri vocant
Ad arma, Patres. Magnus en ! moræ reos
Pompeius urget. Sibi parentandum inferas
Clamat per umbras Scipio.

CATO.

Mentem cave,

Ne fortè rapiat nimius armorum furor.
Nisi ratione nixa stet, virtus migrat
In temeritatem. Publicæ quicquid rei
Fortuna reliqui fecit, est nostræ, Patres,
Curæ repostum. Hiantia patriæ decet
Curare vulnera, non novis vetera malis
Exasperare. Prodigii vitæ nimis
Meritò arguemur, si tot illustres viros,
Ut nostra decorent funera, in medias neces
Projicimus. At quæ nunc tibi, Luci, sedet
Sententia, audire libet.

LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans. Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair,
Were to refuse th' awards of providence,
And not to rest in heav'n's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth. When this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,

Unprofitably

LUCIUS.

Est fufum fatis

Supérque fanguinis. Impio bello nimis

Quaffatus orbis vix fuas clades capit.

Nulla regio ufquam eft, five quà Titan levat,

Seu quà remoto mergit oceano diem,

Quam non replevit fanguine Aufonium nefas.

Romana latè bella deplorat viris

Viduata Scythia, & mundus oppofito procul

Sub axe, noftro marte populatus jacet.

Cruenta tempus tela vaginis tegi,

Generique tandem parcere humano jubet.

Non noftro Cæfar aufa contundit, Patres,

Sed vis deorum. Numine adverfo irrita

Quid gerimus ultrà bella? Cedamus Jovi.

Ubi caufa belli ceffat, & ceffet furor.

Patriæ atque libertatis amor arma ad pia

Nos excitavit. Quicquid in manu fuit,

Fecimus abundè. Gloriæ eft factum fatis,

Fortè nimis iræ, patriæ certè parum.

F

Si

Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already. Heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor. Something whispers me,
All is not right. *Cato*, beware of *Lucius*.

[*Aside to Cato.*]

CATO.

Let us appear nor rash nor diffident.
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see, that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun.
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods :

But

Si Roma denique cadit, attestor fidem
Hominum Deûmque, scelere non nostro cadit.

SEMPRONIUS.

Se perduellis sæpè quæsito tegit
Colore : vereor aliquis ut lateat dolus.
Cato, Lucio ne crede. Scorsim Catoni.

CATO.

Degeneres timor
Animos coarguit, agit in præceps furor.
Medium occupemus tramitem. Quidni benè
Sperare, Patres, rebus etiamnum licet ?
Dum nostra fortes latera tot cingunt viri,
Sueti labores martis & solem pati,
Quorsum proboſo colla iubdemus iugo ?
Numidia gentes aperit immensas, Jubæ
Facere paratas iustia. Dum spes est super,
Stat fidere Jovi. Ne ante præfixum diem
Cadat alta Roma. Liberis donec licet,

But wait at least 'till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty,
And let me perish. But in *Cato's* judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ENTER MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight. He carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

CATO.

By permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*]

Deûm fruamur munere : ubi summum venit

Fatum, licebit vincla victoris pati.

Hâc luce mallet, imo & hâc horâ *Cato*

Oppetere liber, quàm jugo oppressus dies

Ducere perennes.

INTRAT MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Quâ arva prospectat, mihi

Commisâ porta, à Cæsare advenit citus

Modò fecialis : venit & Decius eques

Romanus. Aliquid ferre se magni indicat,

Tuôsque, genitor, illicò affatus petit.

CATO.

Succedere jube. Decius hic olim mihi

[*Exit Marcus.*

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.



SCENE

Fuerat amicus. Alia transversum dehinc
Studia abstulêre, & Cæsari socium impiis
Junxêre in armis.



F 4

SCENA

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO.

DECIUS.

CÆSAR sends health to *Cato*.

CATO.

Could he send it
To *Cato*'s slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate ?

DECIUS.

My business is with *Cato*. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO.

SCENA SECUNDA.

DECIUS, C A T O.

DECIUS.

PLURIMAM, *Catò*, tibi

Cæsar salutem.

C A T O.

Si mittere occisis modò

Possset & amicis, grata mihi salus foret.

Edenda si quæ porrò mandata afferas,

Coram, en senatus.

DECIUS.

Res mihi tecum, *Catò*.

Ad quas redigere angustias, Cæsar videt.

Et nota quoniam merita permagni æstimat,

Tuæ salutis anxias curas fovet.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save *Cato*? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this : and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar.
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this Cæsar's friend?

CATO.

Those very reasons you have urged, forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm, that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.

Rome

C A T O.

Romæ salute nixa mea pendet falus.

Mihi parcere velit ? Patriæ parcat suæ.

I, castra repete, & principi hæc refer tuo :

Accipere vitam renuit indignans *Cato*,

Quam Cæsar offert.

D E C I U S.

Cæfari subdit caput

Roma & senatus. Consulum imperium fuit.

Quotquot triumphis Cæfaris & armis duces

Contrà obstitère, pulvere immixti jacent.

Age ergo, victoris sequere tu quoque fidem.

C A T O.

Illa ipsa, quæ mihi facta commemoras, vetant.

D E C I U S.

Per nomen ego te sacrum amicitiae rogo,

Qualis procella vertici immineat, vide.

A Cæfare secundum orbis aspiciet suum

Pronus Catonem, laude tergemina ad deos

Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the Second of mankind.

CATO.

No more.

I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of *Cato's* friendship,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Let him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom. . . .

CATO.

Roma ipsa tollet, pace si factâ modò
Agnoscere æqui jura victoris lubet.

CATO.

Ne plura : vitam hoc munere pacisci nefas.

DECIUS.

Effare, quâ tua tandem amicitia queat
Mercede redimi, renuet & Cæsar nihil,
Quo tale palmis pristinis addat decus.

CATO.

Exercitum dimittat ; exolvat jugo
Romam, Quiritum libero arbitrio & Patrum
Dijudicanda facta permittat sua.
Hâc poterit unâ lege fibi Cæsar fidem
Catonis emere.

DECIUS.

Fama non levis tuæ est
Sapientiæ, Cato.

CATO.

CATO.

Nay more, tho' *Cato's* voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A file, like this, becomes a conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a file, like this, becomes a Roman.

DECIUS.

What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO.

Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Consider, *Cato*, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate.

You

CATO.

Imò vox quanquam mea
Versata nunquam in publicis causis fuit,
Neque suevit excusare commissum scelus,
Orator ipse rostra conscendam tamen,
Veniámque supplex Cæsari à populo petam.

DECIUS.

Cato, hic ferocem sermo victorem decet.

CATO.

Iusti tenacem hic sermo Romanum decet.

DECIUS.

Romanus ille qualis aut quantus fuit,
Cæsari inimicus ?

CATO.

Major ipso Cæsare :
Est ille amicus nempe virtuti & Deo.

DECIUS.

Quis sis, *Cato*, vel unde compulsus, vide.
Non nunc frequentium inter applausus Patrum

Celsa

You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CATO.

Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him.
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes.
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS.

Does *Cato* send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CATO.

Celsa capitolia voce fulmineâ quatis.

Inclusus Uticâ sine spe & auxilio jaces.

CATO.

Hoc ille potiùs cogitet, qui nos eò
Angustiarum compulit. Tenuem, ut vides,
Romæ senatum Cæsaris fecit scelus.
Mihi crede, falsum est lumen & inanis rei
Splendentis umbra, quâ ille vir adeò tibi
Fulgere videtur. Spissâ si ab oculis foret
Remota nubes, sanguine, rapinis, dolo
Totum inquinatum cerneret. Miserum, scio,
Me spernis, ærumnosum & afflictum malis.
Sed per Tonantem juro, priùs omnis mihi
Oblatus orbis cum omnibus regnis ruat,
Quàm Cæsar esse, forte mutatâ, velim.

DECIUS.

Hæccine referri Cæsari *Cato* jubet
Responsa? Studiis hæccine rependit vicem?

CATO.

CATO.

His cares for me are insolent and vain.
Presumptuous man ! The gods take care of *Cato*.
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul ?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

[*Exit Decius.*]

SCENE

CATO.

Sunt Cæsaris vana studia. Indignor viri
Curam insolentem. Est scilicet penes deos
Salus Catonis. Si tamen Cæsar cupit
Clemens videri, opibus malè paratis meos
Juvet hos amicos: si suæ mentis cupit
Excelsitatem ostendere, hos servet viros
Se justiores.

DECIUS.

Ista vis animi, *Cato*,
Nimis insolens te tollit oblitum tui.
Prudens sciénsque certum in exitium ruis.
Legatione sed ego sum functus meâ.
Notus ubi fuerit exitus, totam dolor
Invadet urbem.

[*Exit Decius.*]

SCENA

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, SENATORS.

SEMPRONIUS.

CATO, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice ; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

LUCIUS.

The senate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

O could

SCENA TERTIA.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, SENATORES.

SEMPRONIUS.

FERRE quas grates parem?

Te, *Cato*, loquente, est visa libertas loqui
Geniúsque Romæ. Scelera meditantem nova
Vox ista reprimet Cæsarem, aut sternet metu.

LUCIUS.

Uno fenatus omnis assensu refert
Grates Catoni, publicæ dum sic vigil
Cavet saluti, providus parum suæ.

SEMPRONIUS.

Amor tuendæ Lucium vitæ tenet.
Sed vita quid juvat, ubi libertas perit?
Me potiùs adigat fulmine sub umbras Pater,
Pallentis umbras tartari & noctis chaos,

Quàm

O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots. But what is life ?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun ;
'Tis to be free.

CATO.

Come, no more, Sempronius.
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Quàm videam iniquo subditos cives jugo.
Stet, me cadente, salva libertas modò,
Mortes per omnes placidus hanc animam dabo.

LUCIUS.

Fortè haud minori pectus hoc studio flagrat
Defendere patriam, æstuat quanquam minùs
Furore turbidum.

SEMPRONIUS.

Ista moderatio virum,
Cui vivere est dulce, juvet. At vivere quid est ?
Non huc & huc curfare, non auras novas
Subinde trahere, aut solis aspicere jubar ;
Est esse liberum.

CATO.

Ira ne discors agat
Privata in odia, Roma quos sibi mutuo
Amore junxit. Pace concordi vigent
Res parvæ, eâdem maximæ abruptâ ruunt.

SEMPRONIUS.

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SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome. I stand reprov'd.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the senate,
We ought to hold it out, 'till terms arrive.

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out till death. But *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

CATO.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful,
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it,

That

SEMPRONIUS.

En me paratum quicquid aut facere aut pati,
Ubi *Cato* jusserit.

CATO.

Hora consiliis moram
Præcidere monet.

LUCIUS.

Ipse quod censet *Cato*,
Id censet & senatus. Usque dum bonis
Pax legibus conveniat, audendum reor.

SEMPRONIUS.

Est dimicandum, quamdiu vita est super.

CATO.

Surgamus ergo, dùmque libertas, salus,
Et fata nutant dubia, justitiâ, fide,
Officio & omni genere virtutum brevis
Certemus ævi, tandem ut invidiâ deûm
Si sit cadendum, morte generosâ inclytos

G

Nos

That heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.

[Exeunt senators.]



SCENE

Nos longiorem grata posteritas canat

Meruisse vitam.

[*Exeunt senatores.*]



G 2

SCENA

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

JUBA, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

JUBA.

The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
Alas, I thought not then his death so near,
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,

Be

SCENA QUARTA.

C A T O, J U B A.

C A T O.

PATRIBUS est ratum, Juba,

Forti repellere Cæsarem & bellum manu.

J U B A.

Sententia patres ista Romanos decet.

Dignare tu quoque pauca memorantem Jubam

Audire. Paucos genitor ante obitum dies,

Haud rebar equidem mortem ita propinquam viro

Tunc imminere, quando me jussit Uticam

Tendere, tremantes sustulit in ulnas senex

Blandè osculatus, multa collachrymans. Dolor

Ut primus abiit, quicquid eveniat mihi,

Nate, inquit, esto Catoni amicus. Auspice

G 3

Surges

Be *Cato's* friend. He'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds. Do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas, a better fate.
But heav'n thought otherwise.

JUBA.

My father's fate
In spite of all the fortitude, that shines
Before my face in *Cato's* great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew respect from foreign climes.
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,

In

Surges Catone ad omne virtutum decus.

Illo duce, fugies mala aut disces pati.

CATO.

Tuus ille summâ laude cumulatus pater

Meliora fuerat fata commeritus, Juba.

Diis aliter est visum.

JUBA.

Ubi patris imago subit,

Lachrymis madescunt me vel invito genæ.

Omnis animo virtus abit, superat dolor.

CATO.

Honestus est ille dolor, & dignus Jubâ.

JUBA.

Gentes remotas fama complevit patris.

Hunc pace bellôque Africæ reges sibi

Socium ambiebant, Maurus & vultum niger

Getulus Æthiôpsque, quique ultrâ jacent

Nili recessus, quique, ut est fama, incolunt

CATO.

And can'st thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar,
Reduced like Hannibal to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps,
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert

Their

CATO.

Cæsari an timidum putas

Cedere Catonem velle ? Me, ut vagus Hannibal,
Libycas per urbes supplicem & regum hospitem
Auxilia petere ?

JUBA.

Forfan officio tibi

Peccare nimio videor, anxius tuæ
Dum studeo vitæ, & suggero auxilium malis.

CATO.

Est tua mihi accepta pietas. Noris tamen,
Juba ; quæ imperitum vulgus appellat mala,
Adversa fortuna, dolor, æumnæ, mala
Censenda non sunt, forte cùm æquali accidunt
Bonis malisque. His altior cœlum petit
Generosus animus. Asperis fatis pios
Exercet aliquando deus, ut clara emicet
Magis inde virtus, quæ nisi rerum arduo

Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie concealed
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st. I pant for virtue,
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*.
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

JUBA.

The best good fortune, that can fall on Juba,
The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

CATO.

What does Juba say?

Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them.

Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Splendescat usu, tecta velut umbrâ diem
Lucémque fugit.

JUBA.

Ita dum loquere, totus, *Cato*,
Virtutem anhelus spiro.

CATO.

Vigilias amas,
Æstus, laborem, frigus, & famem & sitim ?
Hæc ab Catone disce, fortunam ab aliis.

JUBA.

Felicitas, fortuna, & omnis spes Jubaæ
Te pendet uno.

CATO.

Verba quid volunt ?

JUBA.

Nihil :

Revocare liceat.

CATO.

CATO.

Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant.
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can Juba ask,
That *Cato* will refuse?

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What wou'dst thou say?

JUBA.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CATO.

CATO.

Quod tuâ interfit, nihil
Cela Catonem.

JUBA.

Quæ modum excedunt, decet
Celare vota.

CATO.

Petere quid potest Juba,
Quod *Cato* recuset ?

JUBA.

Eloqui vetat timor.

CATO.

Eloquere.

JUBA.

Dotes Marcia paternas habet.

CATO.

Quò verba spectant ?

JUBA.

Est tibi, *Cato*, filia.

CATO.

CATO.

Adieu, young prince. I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest, liberty or death.

[*Exit.*



SCENE

C A T O.

Princeps valetō. Quicquid imminuat tuam
Mihi, Juba, famam, audire nolim. Dum premunt
Inimica fata, nos decet nihil, nisi
Vitam & triumphos, vincula aut mortem loqui.

[*Exit.*



SCENA

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

HOW's this, my prince ! What, cover'd with
confusion ?

You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone !

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

SCENA QUINTA.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

QUIS ille, Juba, quis ora suffundit pudor ?
Quæ causa luctûs ?

JUBA.

Heu, Syphax, perii miser !

SYPHAX.

Hoc antè noram.

JUBA.

Me *Cato* vili æstimat.

SYPHAX.

Haud pluris orbis faciet.

JUBA.

JUBA.

I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh I could pierce my heart.
My foolish heart ! Was ever wretch like Juba ?
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.

SYPHAX.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice:
Marcia might still be your's.

JUBA.

What say'st thou, Syphax ?
By heav'ns thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might still be your's.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Aperui meos

Catoni amores.

*SYPHAX.*Aptus est *Cato*, cui

Credas amores.

JUBA.

Solis ætherei jubar

Tædet tueri. Corde transfixo juvat

Occumbere umbris. Stulta quò miserum abstulit

Animi libido? Graviter heu! *Cato* mihiInfensus est; mihi *Marcia* æternùm perit.*SYPHAX.*

Si quid monenti credis, etiamnum potest

Tua esse *Marcia*.*JUBA.*Quid loquere, *Syphax*?*SYPHAX.*

Potest

Tua esse *Marcia*.*JUBA.*

JUBA.

As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act, that would destroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Arte quâ possit, doce.

SYPHAX.

Numidas feroces ducit ad bellum Juba,
Quos fræna ferre nescii alipedes vehunt,
Prævertere Euros concitâ assueti fugâ.
Tu modò jubeto, virginémque hinc ociùs
Raptam avehemus.

JUBA.

Ore num potuit nefas
Excidere, probra quod nomini nostro allinat
Æterna.

SYPHAX.

Probra nomini ! Nomen quid est ?
Inane fulgur nempe, speciosum nihil,
Aut fax cerebri fatua, quæ incautos trahit
Sæpè in malorum abrupta, dum errores vagæ
Sectantur umbræ.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians,
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
These gods on earth, are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Quid, tuo an suades Jubæ
Agere latronem?

SYPHAX.

Quippe Romani patres,
Quos tu merere laudibus cœlum putas,
Tales fuêre. Ille orbis edomiti pavor,
Superba Roma, Roma, quæ imperium mari
Terminat & astris, virginum quondam fuit
Fundata raptu. Scipio, Cæsar, *Cato*,
Pompeius, & quos Roma mortales deos
Dixit, Sabinis matribus referunt genus,
Spuria propago.

JUBA.

Vereor, ut, Syphax, tibi
Cerebrum Numidicis sit nimis fœtum dolis.

SYPHAX.

Mihi crede, mores tibi hominum noti parum.

H

JUBA.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance !

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd ? Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far.

[*Afide.*

JUBA.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPHAX.

Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown
white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles:

JUBA.

JUBA.

Notitia at ista perfidos si homines facit,

Uisque vitam ducat ignarus Juba.

SYPHAX.

Mihi apage senfa ista, puer : ætate indiges.

JUBA.

Dii ! ficcine arrogantiam hanc lentus feram ?

Falſe veterator, proditor patriæ es tuæ.

SYPHAX.

Me longiùs animi ardor incautum tulit.

[*Scorſim.*

JUBA.

Perfide latro, hæc tua *Cato* confilia ſciet.

SYPHAX.

Viden' hos capillos ? Galeâ ut incincti albidum

Traxêre honorem, ductor & miles tui

Dum bella pugnabam patris !

H 2

JUBA.

JUBA.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPHAX.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years ?
This the reward of a whole life of service !

[Exit Juba.

. . . . Curse on the boy ! how steadily he hears me.
I must appease this storm, or perish in it.

[Exit Syphax.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



ACT

JUBA.

Mihi iste honor

Nusquam insolentiam teget.

SYPHAX.

Num ergo mihi

Vox una, vitium garrulæ ætatis leve,

Pristina laborum merita gestorum auferet ?

[Exit Juba.

Styx mille pestes in caput pueri evomat !

Sed has oportet illicò procellæ minas

Placare, vel nos turbine effuso obruent.

[Exit Syphax.

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI.



A C T III.

SCENE I.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

ALAS, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!^a
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts.
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chace? I've seen you
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,

^a *These verses as far as lose its sweetness, are taken from scene V. act II.*

Then

ACTUS TERTIUS.**SCENA PRIMA.****SYPHAX, JUBA.***SYPHAX.***H**EU qualis es quantúmque mutatus, Juba!

Heu quantúm ab illo degener pridem Jubâ,

Qui strata solitus linquere ante ortum diem,

Vel quando Sirius arva torrebat vapor,

Venando saltus atque sylvarum horrida

Dumeta obivit, sive quâ rabida tigris,

Seu fulvus inter nemora dormivit leo?

Ardore quanto lumina micabas, ubi

Dejecta opacis præda decurrit jugis?

Clamore anhelo quantus urgebas fugam?

H 4

Te

Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee no more !

SYPHAX.

How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders.

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk, tho' honey flow'd
From ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.

SYPHAX.

Te sæpè vidi cominùs laceffere
Leonis iras, unguium horribiles minas
Ultrò asperare, spiculo obtento truces
Excire morfus, móxque pronum ab equo arduos
Pendere in iētus, & reluctantem feram
Affigere solo.

JUBA.

Méne puerilis animi
Adeò esse rēre, ut hisce condonem tua
Opprobria nugis?

SYPHAX.

Quanta longævi finum
Regis replebant gaudia, ubi te auro graves
Attollere ungues vidit, & spolia humeros
Induere villis horrida!

JUBA.

Etiamfi fluant
Tibi verba melle, mihi modò invisa accident.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.*
 Alas, he's dead ! But can you e'er forget
 The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
 The fond embraces and repeated blessings,
 Which you drew from him in your last farewell ?
 Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
 At once to torture and to please my soul.
 The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
 His eyes brim-full of tears, then sighing, cry'd,
 Pr'ythee, be careful of my son. His grief
 Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

JUBA.

Alas, the story melts away my soul.
 That best of fathers ! How shall I discharge
 The gratitude and duty, which I owe him ?

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counsels in your heart.

* These verses, from the words, Sir, your great father, &c.
 as far as, rather say your love, are taken from scene IV.
 act I.

JUBA.

SYPHAX.

Non me loquentem sic tuus spreuit pater.

Heu vixit ! At chara illius an unquam potest
Excidere imago, ubi collo inhærescens tuo,
Mille inter oscula, mille & amplexus, sui
Vix compos, inquit ultimum abituro vale ?
Mihi quanto oboritur gaudio immixtus dolor,
Cum dulcè tristem pectore revolve diem !
Simul ille dextram dexteræ inseruit meæ,
Altúmque ab imo corde suspirans, vide,
Inquit, saluti filii invigiles : simul
Lachrymæ rigabant ora, nec fari dolor
Est plura passus.

JUBA.

Patris ô blandum nimis
Sacrumque nomen ! Fare, qui possim, Syphax,
Præstanda genitori optimo officia exequi.

SYPHAX.

Iussa faciendo.

JUBA.

His counsels bade me yield to thy directions.

SYPHAX.

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA.

I do believe, thou wouldst; but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate, that follows Cæsar's foes.

JUBA.

My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour:

SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Me tuis jussit pater

Parere monitis.

SYPHAX.

Sola mihi, princeps, tuæ

Cura est salutis.

JUBA.

Cognitum est studium fatis.

Quid me mones ?

SYPHAX.

Quæ Cæsari inimicos premunt,

Ut fata fugias.

JUBA.

Fugere noluit pater.

SYPHAX.

Adeoque periit.

JUBA.

Mille pugnando neces

Subire præstat, damna quàm famæ pati.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Rather say your love.

JUBA.

Is it, because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
That thou presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? To shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

* *These verses from these words, Is it because, &c. as far as
Cæsar I'm wholly thine, are taken from scene V. act II.*

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Magè dic, amoris.

JUBA.

Fræna verbosæ, Syphax

Injice licentiæ. An ideò illudere Jubæ

Te posse credis, quòd patris folium vacat,

Quòd adhuc Numidici nutat imperii decus,

Et me vibrandis imparem sceptris putas ?

SYPHAX.

Cur sic acutis transfodis dictis sinum ?

Quid, nonne tecum gradior ad bellum comes,

Fortis subire & martis & lethi vices ?

Cur lanceâ dextram onero, cur galeâ caput,

Nisi ut reliquias sanguinis, queis hostica

Manus pepercit, patriæ impendam & tibi ?

JUBA.

Audire plura non libet : Syphax, tace.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk ! What, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question ?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb.
But whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA.

'Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater instance can I give ? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you, whom you love, at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive ? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Jubes Tacere? Taceat ut Syphax, fides
Cum data Jubæ in dubium vocatur? Me Juba
Interimat, & tacebo. Verum dum traho
Auras superstes, luce dum æthereâ fruor,
Nequeo tacere, & principi invisam meo
Ducere feneſtam.

JUBA.

Corda placandi modum
Artemque noſti. Te mihi fidum reor.

SYPHAX.

Conſtare meliùs nempe qui poterat fides?
Hanc ut probarem, facinus audendi tibi,
Quod abhorret animus, me fore ſponſondi ducem;
Propriam ut haberes Marciam, expediti modum.

JUBA.

An hoc volebas? Ah nimis præceps fui.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this, my prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou mistak'st. I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to *Cato*?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your service?

JUBA.

Syphax, I knew thou lovest me. But indeed,
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids, and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Ideoque falsum proditorem patriæ
Me nuncupabas.

JUBA.

Num ore quid tale excidit ?
Ancipite peccas fortè deceptus sono.

SYPHAX.

Consilia porrò velle te aiebas mea
Pandere Catoni. Quæso, quid tandem Juba
Pandet Catoni ? Me tibi addictum nimis ?
Me tibi paratum sanguinem & famam quoque
Impendere ?

JUBA.

Tuo te Jubæ addictum scio.
Sed amore peccasti nimio. Honesti, Syphax,
Hinc discè leges regibus habendas sacras.
Artibus honestum perpolit mentem suis,
Virtutis æmulatur absentis decus,
Præsenti honores afflat imitando novos.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

By heav'ns,

I'm ravish'd, when you talk thus, tho' you chide me.
Alas, I have hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn,
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties, that oblige their prince !

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.

If

SYPHAX.

Per astra, penè me mihi rapis, Juba,
Sic quando loqueris. Id mihi à primâ fuit
Ætate suâsum, subdito unum hoc esse opus,
Unum hunc laborem ; nempe se fidum suo
Regi approbare. Beatus is demum fuit,
Qui sic honestum simul & officii fidem
Sociare novit.

JUBA.

Syphacis, hîc nosco indolem.

Senfa ista Syphacem pariter & Jubam decent.
Infamis orbi est Punica, ut nosti, fides.
Ne eadem Numidico nomini infideat nota,
Nostrum est cavere.

SYPHAX.

Ut loqueris, ut places, Juba !

Hâc mactè, princeps, indole. I, patrio caput

Diademate

If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest'd with *Cato's* lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! We'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age.
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewell. I'll hence and try to find
Some blest occasion, that may set me right
In *Cato's* thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[*Exit.*

SYPHAX.

Diademate revinci. Africæ, I, felix tuæ
Virtutibus Catonis imperium rege.

JUBA.

Amice, dextram junge. Dictorum damus
Veniam vicissim, mutuam accipimus fidem.
Quando Numidiæ sceptrâ sumpsero, Syphax
Mihi erit secundus, proximum regi caput.

SYPHAX.

Nimis ampla amoris pignora accumulas tui.
Vicem referre debitam haud nostræ est opis.

JUBA.

Syphax, valeto. Concito hinc gressu feror
Rectâ ad Catonem, si qua se fortè offerat
Occasio, viro facta purgandi mea.
Nil curo reliqua, sit modò placidus Cato.

[Exit.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts.
Old age is slow in both. A false old traitor !
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee.
But hence, 'tis gone. I give it to the winds.
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.



SCENE

SYPHAX.

Colligit ut iram leviter, ita leviter premit
Juvenilis ætas : tardus in utroque est senex.
Ego veterator, proditor, latro ? Hæc tibi
Fortasse magno verba constiterint, puer.
Amoris antehac nonnihil habebas mei.
Sed hinc faceſſat ; trado rapiendum notis.
Et mente & animo Cæſarem totus ſequor.



SCENE II.*

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

WELL, *Cato's* senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate.
Lucius, declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a messenger from *Cæsar*.
Should they submit, e'er our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how stands *Cato*?

* This scene is taken from scene VI. act II.

SEMPRONIUS.

SCENA SECUNDA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

FIXUM senatui ergo, Semproni, sedet
Bello experiri malle fortunam priùs,
Quàm deditâ imperium urbe victoris pati ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Quàm penè fati limina attigimus, Syphax ?
Auctor ineundæ Lucius pacis fuit,
Pacem Catoni à Cæsare Decius obtulit.
Dii ! si senatus scædus accipiat priùs,
Quàm fortiantur nostra consilia exitum,
Actum est, perivimus.

SYPHAX.

At quid interea Cato ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou hast seen mount Atlas.

While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man. His tow'ring soul
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

SYPHAX.

But what's this messenger ?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practised with him,
And found the means to let the victor know,
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn.
Is Juba fixt ?

SYPHAX.

Yes—but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,

Sooth'd

SEMPRONIUS.

Vidisti Atlanta. Vertice superbo in poli
Minatus astra inter procellosos notos
Cœlique fulmina arduum attollit caput,
Dum fractus infrà marmore effuso pedem
Tundit furentùm vastus undarum globus.
Sic ille durus, rigidus, intractabilis
Inter ruinas fortis adversæ altior
Infurgit, elatòque tumidus Cæsarem
Despectat oculo.

SYPHAX.

At ille quid porrò Decius ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Illi clam aperui consilii nostri modum ;
Aperiet ille Cæsari. Sed quid mihi
Tu jam vicissim de Jubâ refers.

SYPHAX.

Manet

Fixus Catoni. Cuncta versavi, insititi,

Sooth'd and carefs'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life and int'rest in his fight.
But all are vain; he scorns them all for *Cato*.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter. We shall do without him,
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.

SYPHAX.

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual

Suasi, increpavi, voce adulanti preces
Immiscui irâ, rursus oravi, nihil
Non denique egi, flexus ut tandem puer
Meliora saperet. Perstat immotus tamen
Animis eisdem : opes, salutem & omnia
Uni Catoni devovet.

SEMPRONIUS.

Parvi interest.

Sic quando libuit, ante victoris rotas
Ductus catenis, nobile triumpho decus,
Alta Capitolia regius scandat puer.

SYPHAX.

An inter agmina gliscit intereâ virûm.
Seditio ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Cæptis.exequendis omnia
Parata : voces, murmura, querelæ undique
Palam audiuntur. Factiosorum duces
Fremitibus iras militum accendunt suis,

I 4.

Nostriſque

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.

[*A shout is heard.*

SYPHAX.

What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?^a
What new alarm?

SEMPRONIUS.

A second louder yet
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

SYPHAX.

Make *Cato* sure, and give up Utica.
Mean time I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square to exercise their arms,
And as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*

* These three verses, as far as the words, more full upon me,
are taken from scene III. act III.

Nostrique spondent Arenuam inceptis opem.

Parere rigido Stoici imperio ducis

Ultrà recusant.

[*Clamor tollitur.*

SYPHAX.

Ille quid sonus refert

Fremens tumultu ? Audin' ut elisis propè

Clarescit auris !

SEMPRONIUS.

Curiam hanc ipsam parant

Irrumpere.

SYPHAX.

Catonem arcta constringant, vide,

Vincla, & propinqui prodita accipiat jugum

Victoris Utica. Ego interim in foro instruant

Turmas equestres, promptus, ut fuerit opus,

Succurrere. Hominem quantus invadet stupor,

Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE

Cùm sic ab omni parte glomeratam sciet
In se ruinam.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, with the LEADERS of the MUTINY.

SEMPRONIUS.

AT length the winds are raised, the storm blows high.
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on *Cato's* head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

[Exit.

FIRST LEADER.

We all are safe. Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him.

Be

SCENA TERTIA.

SEMPRONIUS, CONJURATI.

SEMPRONIUS.

TURBO jam tandem gravis

Oritur, amici. Vester huc tendat labor,

Nec ponat animis detumentibus prius,

Quàm totus effuso impetu in caput irruat

Catonis. Ego vultum interea amicum induens

Tanquam fidelis lateri adhærebo comes,

Ut quicquid accidat, integra meorum salus

Commilitonum maneat.

[Exit.

CONJ. PRIMUS.

In tuto sumus.

Sempronio auspice & duce, timendum nihil.

Sempronius par est Catoni. Audin, subit.

Fortiter eundem est. Densi in invisum caput

Geminentur

Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest.

ALL THE LEADERS.

Fear nothing, Sempronius is our friend.



SCENE

Gementur ictus, vincula afflictum solo

Ligent; dies hic ponet ærumnis modum.

OMNES.

Sempronio auspice & duce, timendum nihil.



SCENA

SCENE IV.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS,
and MARCUS.

CATO.

WHERE are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd!

[*Aside.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess, 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces.

Fir'd

SCENA QUARTA.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS,
MARCUS, &c.

CATO.

U BI proditores, acre mavortis genus,
Ignobili adeò terga qui vertunt fugæ,
Et tam virili pectore laceffunt ducem ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Styx malè paventes voret ! Ut attoniti stupent !

[*Seorfim.*]

CATO.

Sic parta bello decora, sic Romam probro
'Tanto allinetis, perfidum, ignavum genus ?
Num vos honoris ulla, nam quis fit pudor
Verum fateri ? num ulla vos laudis fitis,
Amôrve libertatis hâc mecum tenus

In

Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With *Cato's* foes, and follow *Cæsar's* banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not *Cato* fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man, that's injured, strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects, that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than *Cato*?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heav'ns they droop!
Confusion to the villains! All is lost!

[*Aside.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,

Its

In arma traxit ? Nonne vos auri fames,
Provinciarum spolia, captarum urbium
Conveſta præda martis in opus impulit ?
Quin ite, ſtudiis hiſce flammatos decet
Linquere Catonem & ſigna Cæſarea ſequi.
Cur belluoſæ monſtra vitavi Africæ ?
Cur tot periclis, cur tot ereptus malis
Ad hoc reſervor ? An ut ſcelere veſtro cadam,
Commilitones ? Licuit at cur non priùs
Scelere alieno cadere ? Sin fixum eſt, viri,
Haurite ferro pectora : in vulnus patent.
Et, ſi quis à me ſe laceſſitum putet,
Prior ille feriat.

SEMPRONIUS.

Per Jovem, exanimis tremunt !
Perière cuncta : vile fucorum genus !

[Scorſim.

CATO.

Num tot laborum, quos per immenſos maris
Terræque tractus veſtra me feſſum ſalus
Impulit

Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to try th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host, that thirsted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?

Did

Impulit adire, pectora oblivio tenet ?
En Lybia, rapidi solis exusta ignibus
Nimiùm propinquis, testis ante oculos patet ;
Testes arenæ vasto & inculto solo
Latè jacentes, montium abruptæ minæ,
Putrique passim omnis venenorum lue
Insecta regio testis est recens meis
Calcata plantis. Quis, ubi per loca invia
Cæcósque calles iter erat tentandum, ubi
Gressum inter omnem dubia nutabat salus,
Quis lubricam, inquam, primus invasit viam ?
Aut cùm labore æstûque confecti aridam
Extingueretis amne fortuito fitim,
Crebrísque decrescens alvei haustibus
Raperetis undas, ecquis è tanto virûm
Numero fitivit ultimus ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Si aspera juga

Inter et arenas devio cursu latex,

Siticulosæ

Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

CATO.

Hence, worthless men! Hence, and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships, that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy men! They weep!

Fear,

Siticolosæ dulce solamen viæ,
Scaturiebat, miles optatos ubi
Certatim in haustus caderet, atque avidus cavis
Palmisque galeisque ima ficaret vada,
Patiens ut hic ille Cato dux vester stetit,
Plenâque lympham casside bibendam arido
Rejecit ore ! Nonne vobiscum comes
Subter flagrantis solis æstivi faces,
Flatibus eisdem torridi incaluit noti ?
Cur æstuosum pulverem & campum tulit,
Nisi ut labore vestra libertas suo
Firmata staret ? Cedite, ingratum pecus.

C A T O.

Ignava bello turba, mavortis probrum,
Ite & querelas Cæsari hinc ferte ociùs,
Laborioso nempe vos bello impares
Non posse jam ferre mala, quæ Cato tulit.

L U C I U S.

En ut per ora conscius inerrat pudor !

En

Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

En lachrymæ, quas sceleris excussit dolor,
Veniam repossunt.

CATO.

Colere justitiam dehinc
Discite, facinoris prodite rebelles duces,
Utróque facilem cæteris veniam damus.

SEMPRONIUS.

Plectenda curæ trade mancipia meæ.
Luxata primùm membra rumpantur rotâ,
Suspensi ad austros deinde putrescant trabe,
Sociis daturi triste documentum suis.

LUCIUS.

Cur tam feverus fata miserorum graves ?

K

SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

How ! Wouldst thou clear rebellion ?

Lucius, good man, pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato's* blood.

CATO.

Forbear, Sempronius ! See they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember, they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour.
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' up-lifted thunder-bolt aside.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

CATO.

SEMPRONIUS.

Quid? Perduelles crimine absolvi? Vicem
Sicariorum quippe vir bonus dolet,
Queis tingere manus sanguine Catonis lubet.

CATO.

Savire nimum nec placet, nec nos decet.
Pœna irrogetur. Dum tamen pœnam irrogas,
Humanitatis esto, Sempronij, memor,
Ne fata graviora subeant, quàm lex finit.
Scelerata, Luci, tempora hæc summam exigunt
Severitatem. Hic ille justitiæ rigor
Reprimit superbos, impios terret metu,
Frangit rebelles, legibus vim addit novam.
Vindicta quando debita nocentes premit,
Supplicia superi luminibus æquis vident,
Promptaque reductâ fulmina reponunt manu.

SEMPRONIUS.

Imperia lætus exequar.

CATO.

Mean-while we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.
O let it never perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt* Cato, &c.]

SCENE

C A T O.

Nos interim

Thure precibúsq; in vota poscemus deos.

Queis legibus, quibusve fundatum artibus

Studiisq; quondam hoc fuerit imperii decus,

Estote memores. Inclytum hunc rerum ordinem,

Tanto labore conditum, ô nunquam, precor,

Sinite perire vestrum in opprobrium, viri.

Verùm quod accepistis annoso patrum

Transmissum ab ævo posteris vestris quoque

Tradite fruendum. Audite, Cœlicolæ, hanc precem.

Adedque tu nos, magna Libertas, tui

Accende amore ; munere beatos tuo

Exigere liceat liberis vitæ dies,

Vel te tuendo fortiter in acie mori.

[*Exeunt* Cato, &c.]

K ;

SCENA

SCENE V.

SEMPRONIUS, with the **LEADERS** of the **MUTINY**.

FIRST LEADER.

SEMPRONIUS, you have acted like yourself.

One would have thought, you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, stand off. Base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

SECOND LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius.

Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by. But if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.

Here,

SCENA QUINTA.

SEMPRONIUS, CONJURATI.

CONJ. PRIMUS.

SEMPRONI, es idem semper & similis tui.

Te seridè equidem penè credebam loqui.

SEMPRONIUS.

Scelus, hinc facesse : vile, despectum caput,

Servile pecus, imbellè fucorum genus !

CONJ. SECUNDUS.

Simulare plura define : haud ultrà his jocis

Est opus ; amicos, quotquot hîc adsunt, vides.

SEMPRONIUS.

Quin sic, scelesti, accipite ; ubi istius modi

Mancipia motæ conscias addunt manus

Rebellioni, si ausa successus habent,

Sine præmio, sine honore neglecti jacent.

Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

[Enter Guards.]

FIRST LEADER.

Nay, since it comes to this . . .

SEMPRONIUS.

Dispatch 'em quick; but first pluck out their tongues,
Left with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.]



SCENE

Sin cœpta cedant irrita, nocentes manent
Supplicia certa, miserrimum lethi genus.
Adesto, miles : ad necem hæc monstra ociùs
Abripito.

[*Intrant Satellites.*

CONJ. PRIMUS.

Quando res eò deducitur

SEMPRONIUS.

Mandata, liçtor, protinus facessito.
Sed forcipe priùs prendito linguas reis
Atque refecato, ne agmina inter conscia
Novos tumultus voce moribundâ excitent.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

OUR first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive.

SEMPRONIUS.

By *Cato's* stern rebuke disarm'd at once,
The dastards stood amazed and terrified.

SYPHAX.

Still there remains an after-game to play.
My troops are mounted ; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert.
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,

We'll

SCENA SEXTA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

PRIMA ergo, amice, cœpta cecidère irrita.

SEMPRONIUS.

Subitâ Catonis voce & aspectu, fui
Oblita turba mente perculsâ stetit
Attonita, inermis.

SYPHAX.

At novas artes adhuc,
Nova meditor confilia. Frangatis mihi
In equis relucet, quidlibet prompta aggredi
Numidica pubes. Refonat hinnitu procul
Pulsatus æther; ungula impatiens moræ
Impressa perdit mille vestigia solo,
Corripere dum campum ardet. Age porrò fugæ

We'll force the gate, where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that wou'd oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Thus, Syphax, should I fail of half my purpose.
I'm unreveng'd, if *Cato's* left behind.
Think not Sempronius can be baffled thus
In his ambition or pursuit of greatness.
Syphax, 'tis fixt. I long to bind in chains
That haughty man, and bear him off to Cæsar.

SYPHAX.

Well said ! That's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admision ? For access
Is given to none but Juba and the brothers.

SYPHAX.

Tu ductor esto, quaque stationes obit
Marcus, ruemus urbe. Pugnando viam
Facilem per obvia quaque sternemus manu.
In Cæsaris castra feret hodiernus dies.

SEMPRONIUS.

Suadésne trepidam moliar inultus fugam ?
Fallere, Syphax, Sempronium si sic putas
Abstistere ausis velle. Vis ingens rapit,
Odium perenne, immensus irarum dolor.
Cum perpetrari facinus alienâ nequit,
Manu hâc superbum stringere catenis virum,
Ad Cæsarémque trahere vindicta impotens,
Et mens repulsæ sordidæ impatiens jubet.

SYPHAX.

Virtute tantâ macte. Semproni, inclytum
Meditaris herclè facinus & dignum tui.

SEMPRONIUS.

Ecquâ arte rumpemus aditum ? Præter Jubam
Geminósque fratres nemini ingressus patet.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards.
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves, that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heav'ns, what a thought is there ! The day's our own.
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold him struggling in his chains,
With shame and grief alternately oppress'd,
His heart high swol'n, and lab'ring in his breast !

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



ACT

SYPHAX.

Ostro rubenti, quâ solet Juba indui,
Chlamyde indueris ; regiâ incedes caput
Cidari revinctus : Numidicus cinget latus
Satelles. Illicò mancipia pendent fores,
Ubi adesse regius videbitur puer.

SEMPRONIUS.

Benè est, beamur. Fata jam vindex manu
Teneo Catonis. Quanta mihi pascent finum
Gaudia tumentem, ubi turbidus & irâ & probro
Se cernet ille vinculis captum meis
Excutare frustrâ velle victoris jugum !

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.



ACTUS

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

SEMPRONIUS, dressed like JUBA, with Numidian Guards.

SEMPRONIUS.

THE deer is lodg'd, I have track'd her to her covert.

'Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,

Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.

Let neither fear, or threats have force to move you.

..... But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes!

'Tis he,

'Tis Juba's self! There is but one way left.

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut

Thro' those his guards. Hah, dastards, do you tremble!

Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n

SCENE

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

SEMPRONIUS, veste Numidica indutus, duo milites.

SEMPRONIUS.

SATELLITES adeste. Dispositis fera
Laqueis tenetur. Sede quâ lateat, vigil
Oculis notavi. Signa cùm dederò, simul
Irruite, rapite, avehite prædam. Nec minæ
Nec torvitas supercilî injiciant metus.
Ingente cœpto digna vos merces manet.
Quid hoc? Propinquos audio pulsus pedum.
Dii, fallite omen! Corda spe dubiâ micant.
Ipse est: Juba ipse gradum admovet. Rerum hoc flatu
Consulere non est integrum. Hâc dextrâ cadet:
Rumpenda ferro deinde per medios via.
Audete fortes. Quid, pigro an tremitis metu?
Animos resumite, vel per astrorum faces....

SCENA

SCENE II.

JUBA, SEMPRONIUS.

JUBA.

WHAT do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One, that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth.

JUBA.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy one, proud barbarous man.

[*Semp. falls. His guards surrender.*]

SEMPRONIUS.

SCENA SECUNDA.

JUBA, SEMPRONIUS.

JUBA.

QUIS ille tam audax, tam insolens satellite
Cinctus Numidico insignia usurpat mea ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Vane Afer, animúmque patrio elatum gerens
Fastu, haud ita effugies.

JUBA.

Quid hoc ? Sempronius !

SEMPRONIUS.

Hinc fuge, saluti si esse consultum velis.

JUBA.

Quid ? me-ne fugere ? Afferere famam, cùm tibi
Ita libet insanire, stat potiùs manu.

[*Educuntur utrinque gladii, pugnatur, cadit Semp.*]

SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on my stars ! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress ?
Gods, I'm distracted ! This my close of life !
O for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heav'n, and *Cato* tremble !

[Dies.

JUBA.

With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground !
Hence let us carry off those slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SEMPRONIUS.

Horror Acherontius astra confundat styge.
Sic-ne puerili destinor victus manu
Effundere animam ? Barbaro tectus quoque
Humeros amictu ? Struere quis furor impulit
Vincula Catoni ? Rumpite infernas domos
Stygiae sorores, nocteque immersum infimâ
Caput hoc averno condite æternùm specu.
Sic pudet ad umbras ire. Convulso ruat
Ab axe fulmen, quo penitus æther, mare
Et terra, quo *Cato* ipse perculsus tremat.

[*Moritur.*]

JUBA.

Quanto sub umbras impetu indignans viri
Prorupit animus, membrâque etiamnum solo
Liquit trementia ! Miles, hos age sistito
Servos Catoni, sceleris ut quicquid latet
Dehinc patefcat, consilii & causa & modus.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA

SCENE III.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

PORCIUS.

SURE 'twas the clash of swords. My troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
See, see! here's blood! O see! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! Heav'ns preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my fight! A diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth, that e'er deserv'd
A Roman's care, Juba lies dead before me!
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood.*
O he was all made up of charms and virtue,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire.

* This verse is taken from act III. scene II.

SCENA TERTIA.

P O R C I U S, J U B A.

PORCIUS.

Q U I S pepulit aures ensium flictu sonus
Nescio quis artus turbat insolitus pavor,
Gravibusque curis anxium pulsat sinum.
Quis ille pronus corpore exangui jacet ?
Ah ! Numidam amictus indicat. Gelidus coit
Sanguis per artus. Principi timeo. Latent
Ora involuta veste. Proh superi ! quid hoc ?
En regia chlamys, regium en frontis decus !
O scelus ! ô horror ! nullus est dubio locus.
Est ipse Juba. Juba principum splendor, decus
Juvenum, voluptas nostra, deliciæ & amor,
Juba indecoro vulnere ante oculos jacet.
Crudelia nimis fata, crudeles deos !
Jacet cruore membra concreto rigens,
Cujus ubi vultus enituit, ibat dies

Gratior,

Delight of ev'ry eye ! When he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladen'd all, that saw him.
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Why do I think on what he was ? He's dead !
He's dead, and never knew, how much I lov'd him.

JUBA.

[Rushing hastily in.]

See, Porcius, see,
The happy Juba lives ! He lives to catch
Thy dear embrace, and to return it too.

PORCIUS.

With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported.
Sure 'tis a dream ! Dead and alive at once !
If thou art Juba, who lies there ?

JUBA.

Gratior, & orbis luce splendebat novâ.

Heu vana spes mortalium ! Ut Stygius color

Infecit artus ! Capitis ambrosii decor

Cecidit, nigranti vividum oculorum jubar

Nox texit umbrâ : frigore æterno algida

Silet illa lingua, cujus eloquium *Cato*

Sæpe ipse stupuit. Sed quid ego frustrâ pio

Dolore fluxas repeto virtutes Jubæ ?

Juba Pyladeâ me fide amplexus fuit,

Juba Pyladeâ me fide amplexus perit.

JUBA.

[*Derepentè in theatrum erumpens.*]

Define queri : coram ecce quem defles, adest.

Et incolumis & vivus en adest Juba,

Accipere amicum lætus amplexum & dare.

Inter se complectuntur.

PORCIUS.

Superi ! Quid hoc est ? Vivis ? An fallax subit

Imago ? Si vivit Juba, quis ibi jacet ?

L

JUBA.

JUBA.

A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.

PORCIUS.

My joy, by best beloved, and only wish.
This, this is life, indeed! Life worth preserving.

JUBA.

How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
I'm lost in ecstasy! O my dear Porcius!

PORCIUS.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself, how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate mistake! O happy Juba!
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.

PORCIUS.

JUBA.

Scelerum magister, regio assumpto Jubam
Mentitus habitu, dum impia oppresso parat
Vincula Catoni, audaciæ pœnas luit.

PORCIUS.

Benè est, revixi. O dulce dimidium mei,
Ut voce, ut ore, ut me tuo aspectu beas !

JUBA.

Dilecte Porci, ut tua mihi placet fides !
Vix credidissem sacrum adeò tecum mihi
Interfuisse vinclum amicitiae, nisi
Luctûs fuisset testis oculatus tui.

PORCIUS.

Neque ipse nôram, quàm penitus animo, Juba,
Meo insideres, antequam afflixit tuæ
Me mortis error.

JUBA.

Error is felix fuit.

Fortuna ludum ludere levem pertinax
Jam vetera versâ damna compensat vice.

L. 2.

PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Marcus' life

[Trumpet sounds.

Stand sure ? O Juba, I am warm'd ; my heart

Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.*

[Exeunt.

* Almost all this scene, changing the names and some few things, is in scene III. act IV. The three last verses are spoken by Porcius in scene III. act III. with this alteration, Marcus' life, instead of Cato's life.



SCENE

PORCIUS.

Nos hinc ad arma buccinæ clangor vocat.

[*Tuba canit.*

Nimis est morarum : fortè jam Marco imminet

Inimicus ensis. Roma, libertas, salus

Nos vocat ad arma. O sacra Libertas, manu

Hâc te tueri liceat ! Adverso æthere

Sin ista voveo, fortiter in armis mori.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.

LUCIUS, CATO.

LUCIUS.

I STAND astonished ! What, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness !

CATO.

Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
Oh Lucius, I am sick of this bad world !
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

ENTER A MESSENGER.*

But see, where Balbus comes ! What means this haste ?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd ?

* Porcius being a principal person in the drama, the translator thought it more becoming the dignity of the stage to introduce Balbus as a messenger, than let Porcius bring and carry messages.

MESSENGER.

SCENA QUARTA.

LUCIUS, CATO.

LUCIUS.

ATTONITUS hæreo. Quid? Hoc Sempronius?
Hoc acer ille patriæ assertor suæ?
Huc omnis ille in Cæsarem effluxit furor?

CATO.

Haud miror equidem. Sceleris est adeò nihil,
Quod civium armis nostra non ætas tulit.
O Luci, acerbis animus ægrefcit malis.
Mihi vita gravis est, lucis æthereæ piget.

INTRAT NUNCIUS.

Quid, Balbe, trepidas? Summa quo res est loco?

L 4

BALBUS.

MESSENGER.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news, as will afflict thee, *Cato*.

CATO.

Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

MESSENGER.

Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the fourth gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
Juba saw, and call'd, but in vain, to stop him.
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly answer'd,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CATO.

BALBUS.

Ne nuncio aures, vereor, afflictas, *Cato*,
Graviore vulnerem.

CATO.

Eloquere : num plus adhuc
Cæsar Latini sanguinis fudit ?

BALBUS.

Novum

Majúsque, si quod est, malum ingruit. Syphax
Veteranus ille prædo, ubi Numidas suos
Medio ordinârat ludicra exercens foro
Simulacra belli, protinus signo dato,
Cum equitibus abiit transfuga, quâ ad austros patet
Commisssa Marco porta. Juba fortè obvius
Vidit abeuntem, & nomine inclamans virum
Revocare frustrâ voluit. Ille altè vibrat
Jactatum in auras brachium, atque atrox refert
Semproniano nolle se fato mori.

CATO.

Perfidious men ! But Balbus haste, and see
That my son Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[*Exit messenger.*]

Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me.
Justice gives way to force. The conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's. *Cato* has no business in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her *Cato's* presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO.

Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant ?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO.

CATO.

Perfida propago ! Sed age tu, Balbe, advola,
Patriæque in armis gloriæ natos mone.

[*Exit nuncius.*

Luci, malorum immensa me moles premit.
Vi victa cedit iustitia, regnat nefas.
Orbis subactus Cæsari servit. Nihil
Opus est Catone.

LUCIUS.

Quamdiu & fraus & scelus,
Et amor habendi regnat, erit opus suo
Orbi Catone. Potiùs, ô potiùs diu
Vive, neque pigeat Cæsaris dono frui.

CATO.

Quid ? Mè-ne vivere patriæ oblitum meæ ?
Vivere tyranni vile mancipium jubes ?

LUCIUS.

Victor Catonem triste nil coget pati.
Est comis, est humana Cæsaris indoles.

CATO.

Curse on his virtues : they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason.



CENE

CATO.

Humana proh viri indoles ! Istud nimis
Populare studium patriæ exitio fuit.



SCENA

SCENE V.

C A T O, L U C I U S, P O R C I U S.

P O R C I U S.

MISFORTUNE on misfortune ! Grief on grief !
My brother Marcus

C A T O.

Hah, what has he done ?
Has he forsook his post ? Has he given way ?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass ?

P O R C I U S.

Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
'Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes he greatly fell.

C A T O.

SCENA QUINTA.

C A T O, L U C I U S, P O R C I U S.

P O R C I U S.

I N A U S P I C A T A filii ô frustra pater
Virtute felix, majus ex alio aliud
Malum ingravescit, alius exurgit dolor.
Heu Marcus

C A T O.

Ecquid egit ? An cessit loco ?
An fraudulento impunè permittit duci
Abire ?

P O R C I U S.

Cinctus fidâ amicorum manu
Totum ingruentis impetum belli tulit,
Par unus omnibus. Animo obnixus diu
Stetit obstinato, donec excusso obrutus
Imbre jaculorum nobili letho occidit.

C A T O.

CATO.

I'm satisfy'd.

PORCIUS.

Nor did he fall before*

His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the gods! My boy has done his duty.

Porcius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

* The translator, with a view to set off Porcius's character with greater lustre, gives him the honour of revenging his brother Marcus's death by killing Syphax. This notice will suffice for the reader, who might otherwise be surpris'd at the disagreement between the Version and the Original, which it was thought needless to change.

PORCIUS.

CATO.

Nîl plura quæro.

PORCIUS.

Tum mihi animo ardent faces,

Tum furor & ira perfidum ulcisci scelus,

Pœnâsque fratre sumere perempto subit.

Per media præceps agmina Syphacem peto,

Uno in Syphace laboro, fulmineum rotans

Hinc inde ferrum, donec adverso in sinu

Numidæ furentis condidi. Labentem equo

Frendere mediâ in morte conspexi virum,

Et dente pronum mandere cruento solum.

CATO.

Grates tonanti atque reliquis superis ago.

Meus est utérque functus officio puer.

Sibi morte nomen peperit æternum suâ

Marcus. Ubi summam parca fatalem mihi,

Porci, replet, illius juxta meam,

Vide, locetur urna.

PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

Long may they keep asunder !



SCENA

PORCIUS.

Ab alterâ altera

Divisa longùm maneat.



SCENE

SCENE VI.

CATO, JUBA, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

LUCIUS.

BUT see young Juba ! The good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

PORCIUS.

Alas, poor prince, his fate deserves compassion.

JUBA.

I blush and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato*.

CATO.

What's thy crime ?

JUBA.

I'm a Numidian.

CATO.

SCENA SEXTA.

CATO, JUBA, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

LUCIUS.

EN vultum probro

Tristem à suorum scelere suffusus subit

Juba.

PORCIUS.

Meruit profectò fortunâ frui

Meliore.

JUBA.

Mihi pudor ora, te viso, *Cato*,

Rubore tingit.

CATO.

Ecquod admissum nefas ?

JUBA.

Sum Numida.

CATO.

CATO.

And a brave one too.

Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUBA.

Hast thou not heard

Of my false countrymen?

CATO.

Alas, young prince,

Falshood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry foil,

The product of all climes. Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distress'd.

CATO.

'Tis just to give applause, where 'tis deserv'd.

Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,

Like purest gold, that tortur'd in the furnace,

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

CATO.

Et illustris quoque. Est animus tibi
Romanus.

JUBA.

An Syphacis tibi notum scelus ?

CATO.

Mala fraus ubique & scelera nascuntur, Juba.
Hæc omnis ætas, omnis hæc regio tulit
Quin ipsa Roma Cæsares habet suos.

JUBA.

Est indolis generosæ ita afflicto dare
Solamen.

CATO.

Ubi meretur, est æquum dare
Virtuti honorem. Dura te exercet nimis
Fortuna, Juba. Tua clarior virtus tamen
Nitet, & ab ipsis major elucet malis.
Fornace tortum sic ab ardenti evenit
Auri metallum, decore splendescens novo.

JUBA.

JUBA.

What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy. I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O *Cato*, than Numidia's empire.*

LUCIUS.

Now, *Cato*, arm thy soul with all its patience.
See, where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators alarm'd
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

* *The verses from But see young Juba, &c. as far as
Numidia's empire, are taken from scene IV. act IV.*



SCENE

JUBA.

His quid reponam ? Tacitus exundat finus
Fervétque gaudio. Tuas malim, *Cato*,
Laudes mereri, quàm Africae latè potens
Rex imperare.

LUCIUS.

Jam omne premuni, *Cato*,
Virtute pectus. Mortui en coràm tui
Nati cadaver, triste spectaclum subit.



M

SCENA

SCENE VII.

CATO, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, MARCUS'
CORPSE, &c.

CATO.

WELCOME, my son! Here lay him down,
my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it,
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd, if *Cato's* house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
Porcius, behold thy brother, and remember,
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

JUBA.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

CATO, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, MARCI
CADAVER, &c.

CATO.

SALVETO, nate. Hic onus, amici, ponite.

Numerare coram vulnera illustria juvat,

Corpúsque cernere sanguine decoro illitum.

Quàm pulchra mors virtute parta, quàm placet !

Ille invidendâ est forte defunctus puer.

Heu quàm pigendum est, quòd semel tantùm licet

Impendere animam civium & patriæ bono !

Quis ora, amici, mœsta contristat dolor ?

Meritò puderet, si inter & busta & faces

Patriæ, Catonis staret incolumis domus.

Porci, ecce fratrem. Illius ab exemplo tuam

Memento vitam, Roma cùm poscit, tibi

Non esse propriam.

M 2

JUBA.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this ?

*[Aside.]**CATO.*

Alas, my friends,

Why mourn you thus ? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty ! O virtue ! O my country !

JUBA.

Behold that upright man ! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.

*[Aside.]**CATO.*

JUBA.

Quem virum unquam orbis tulit
Similem Catoni, heroa quem vidit parem?

[Seorsim.]

CATO.

Heu, quianam, amici, lachrymis oculi madent?
Privata lachrymis damna deflentur malè,
Quas Roma poscit. Roma terrarum decus,
Roma dominatrix orbis, imperii caput,
Superùm voluptas, inclyta heroum parens,
Quæ humili tyrannos mundi adæquavit solo,
Gentésque victrix barbaro exemit iugo,
Heu! Roma fuit. Heu chara libertas fuit!
Heu prisca virtus, patria heu frustrà meis
Defleta lachrymis!

JUBA.

Magna proh virtus viri!
En Roma lachrymas elicit, quas non fui
Elicere potuit filii exanimis dolor.

[Seorsim.]

CATO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd.
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curst ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While *Cato* lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.

CATO.

Cæsar ashamed! Has he not seen *Pharfalia*!

LUCIUS.

CATO.

Romana quicquid subdidit virtus, polo
Sub utroque quicquid, quicquid oceanum supra
Infrâque lustrat lucidâ occiduus rotâ
Oriensve Titan, Cæsaris prensat manus.
Sic Cæsari occidêre Fabii, sic caput
Vovêre Decii, & utérque vicit Scipio.
Imò arma Cæsari ipse Pompeius tulit.
O dolor, amici ! Ut plurium annorum labor,
Fatorum opus, Romanum ut imperium occidit !
Dominante Cæsare, ô sacra ambitio ! occidit.
Quod subjugaret, nempe majores nihil
Nisi patriam liquêre.

JUBA.

Dum vivit *Cato*,
Mundum erubescet Cæsar opprimere iugo.

CATO.

Quid ? Ut erubescat Cæsar ? An non Theffalas
Conspexit acies.

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time, thou save thyself and us.

CATO.

Lose not a thought on me ; I'm out of danger.
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, I conquer'd *Cato*.
But oh ! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts. A thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends ?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO.

Then ask it, I conjure you ! Let him know
Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,

That

*LUCIUS.*Hora jam monet *Cato*,

Ut tibi & amicis consulas.

CATO.

Ne vos mei

Cura ulla tangat. Sum omne discrimen supra

Vicēſque fortis. Cæſar haud unquam inquiet,

Vici Catonem. Veſtra me movet ſalus.

Vos, vos, amici, reddere incolumes velim !

Hæc ſola peſtus cura ſollicitum premit,

Qui vos, amici, reddere incolumes queam.

Cœpi hinc timere Cæſarem.

LUCIUS.

Facilis dabit

Veniam petenti.

CATO.

Petite quin ergo, precor,

Et Cæſar, in ſe quicquid eſt factum, ſciat

Me auctore factum. Adjicite, ſi porro placet,

M 5

Me

That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror ?

JUBA.

If I forsake thee,
Whilst I have life, may heav'n abandon Juba !

CATO.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great. At Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato's* friend.
Porcius, draw near ! My son, thou oft hast seen
Thy fire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction. Now thou see'st me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success.
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,

And

Me supplicis ritu petere, ne quid meos
Peccet in amicos. Juba, mihi pro te anxius
Laborat animus. Te-ne victoris sequi
Hortabor arma supplicem, an avitum magis
Repetere regnum Numidiæ?

JUBA.

Si unquam, Cato,
Te deseruero, deserant superi Jubam.

CATO.

Tua ista, princeps, rara virtutum indoles
Tibi decus ingens, nomen & famam afferet.
Ni fallor, illucescet aliquando dies,
Quum justa nullam Roma censebit nefas
Tenuisse cum Catone amicitiam & fidem.
Accede, Porci. Sæpè vidisti tuum
Cum factione & scelere luctantem patrem :
Nunc spe labanti fessum & exanimem vides.
O nate, ne te pudeat accipere patris
Consilia. Dum potes, eripe periclis caput,

M 6

Et

And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
'There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome.
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

PORCIUS.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Porcius, that he scorns himself.

CATO.

Farewel, my friends ! If there be any of you,
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
Their sails already op'ning to the winds,
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you ?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel !
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,

Where

Et agrum Sabinum, rura majorum, pete,
Ubi magnus olim Censor, atque omnes avi
Exigua manibus árva subigebant suis,
Virtute mundâ & inope felices lare.
Ibì dulcia inter rura secretus tuâ
Virtute te involve, patriæ optatam bonus
Pacem precare. Ubi impii imperium obtinent,
Totóque grassatum orbe dominatur scelus,
Privata meliùs inter obscuros lares
Sedes honori est.

PORCIUS.

Num ergo crediderit pater
Me velle vitâ, quam ipse fastidit, frui?

CATO.

Valete, amici. Si quibus tutum minùs
Videtur expectare victoris fidem,
Scitote in ipso stare jam portu rates
A me paratas. Passa vela austros vocant,
In quas velitis cunque deduci plagas.

Quid

Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead son.]

'There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still, by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



ACT

Quid restat ultrà, quo *Cato* vobis queat
Prodesse, amici? Victor huc properè advolat.
Iterum valete. Vestra si posthac mihi
Videre detur ora, meliori in solo
Felicior sub axe dabitur, ubi metus
Nullos creabit Cæsar. Ibi fortis puer,
Qui lætus animam patriæ impendit suæ,
Lauro perenni tempora revinctus sciet
Se splendide vicisse. Ibi heroum genus,
Pro civibus amicisque non timidum mori,
Virtute digna præmia accipiet suâ.

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI.



ACTUS

A C T V.

SCENE I.

CATO SOLUS.

Sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us.
'Tis heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought !

Through

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

C A T O S O L U S.

*Sedet meditantī similis, præ manibus habet librum
Platonis de Immortalitate Animæ. In mensâ con-
spicitur ensis vaginâ vacuus.*

SIC esse constat. Tu quidem rectè, Plato.

Hæc nempe quorsum blanda spes menti insidet,

Hæc avida desideria & exardens amor

Æternitatis ? Hic unde secretus timor

Horrorque mortis ? Quid animus subitò pavet,

Refugitque trepidus, dum olim in antiquum nihil

Metuit relabi ? Numen est, quod nos movet.

Divina Mens intus agit. Est Deus, Deus,

Totos per artus fusus, ipsi animo indicans

Æternitatem. Æternitas !—Æternitas !

O dulcis,

Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works, He must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me, I shall never die.

The

O dulcis!—ô tremenda! quàm terres—places!

Per quot meatus, quot per ancipites vias

Novâsque formas rerum inexpertum rapis?

Longè intuenti tractus ille oculis patet

Immensus, ingens. Atra sed nox incubat,

Spissæque nubes lumen ambiguum premunt.

Hic ergo sistam. Si Deus mundum regit,

At regere pulcher ordo naturæ docet,

Virtute delectatur: & quicquid Deum

Delectat, esse non nequit bonum. Ast ubi,

Quando fruendum? Totus hic, quantus patet,

Succumbit orbis Cæsari. Dubiis labat

Mens fessa curis. Terminum ponet chalybs.

[Ensi manum admovent.]

Mors atque vita sic mihi est posita in manu.

Ad utramlibet paratus utramque intuo.

Hic vitam adauctâ morte momento rapit,

[Primo ensē,

Mihi sempiternos ille promittit dies:

[deinde librum indicat.]

Animus

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies it point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness, that hangs upon me?
This lethargy, that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest. *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE

Animus suæ immortalitatis conscius
Mucronis aciem ridet & temnit minas.
Tenuēs vetustas fiderum extinguet façes,
Ætate sol ipse gravis imminuet diem,
Natura tota denique annosam induet
Ultima senectam. At animus æternâ nitens
Vivet iuventâ. Vivet, & discors ubi
Elementa bellum fœdere abrupto gerent,
Et fracta mundi machina supremum gemet,
Illæsus, integer, capite se alto efferet
Inter ruinas orbiumque fragmina.
Sed ecquis artus languor irrepens gravat?
Natura curis lassâ succumbit suis,
Requiemque poscit. Æqua poscenti obsequar.
Cedam sopori, quò magis animus vigil
Inde renovato robore & vitâ integrâ
Sublime carpat iter ad æthereas domos,
Diis digna superis victima. Aut timor aut scelus
Aliis quietem rumpat: ignorat *Cato*
Utrumque, mortem placidus an somnum eligat.

SCENA

SCENE II.

CATO, PORCIUS.

CATO.

BUT hah! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion
Were not my orders, that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

PORCIUS.

Alas, my father,
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Rash youth, forbear.

PORCIUS.

O let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger wrest it from you.

CATO.

SCENA SECUNDA.

C A T O , P O R C I U S .

CATO.

PORCI, quid hoc? Quorsum hæc, vel unde audacia?
Non imperâram, ne quis huc ferret pedem?
Cur nate, cur sic jussa violantur mea?

PORCIUS.

Dilecte genitor, iste quid gladius minax,
Strictus, neci paratus? O precor, sine,
Sine hinc removeam!

CATO.

Desine imprudens puer.

PORCIUS.

Tibi hunc tuorum lachrymæ, & vota & preces,
Communéque periculum omnium è manibus, pater,
Extorqueant, oro.

CATO.

CATO.

Would'st thou betray me ? Would'st thou give me
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands ?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man !

PORCIUS.

Look not thus sternly on me.
You know, I'd rather die, than disobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well ! Again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gath'ring fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port :
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes.

PORCIUS.

CATO.

Quid ? An hosti prodere ?

An servituti, an Cæsari, an vinclis dare

Me vis inermum ? Hinc illicò faceffe, & patri

Obtemperare disce, vel nôris, puer . . .

PORCIUS.

Ah quid ita me torvùm aspicias ? Valtum, precor,

Exue minacem. Levius est mortem pati,

Quam patris iram. Nulla me cernet dies

Inobsequentem.

CATO.

Sanguinem agnosco meum.

Jam denuò est mihi liberum arbitrium meæ

Vitæ necis-ve. Cinge jam, Cæsar, viris

Hanc undique urbem, milite frequenti exitus

Portúsque claude, & classibus totum tuis

Insterne pontum, liberam *Cato* viam

Sibi ipse aperiet, spésque deludet tuas.

*N**PORCIUS.*

PORCIUS.

O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him ? O my father !
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so ? Be not displeased,
O be not angry with me, whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul !

CATO.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing him.]

Weep not, my son ; all will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have fought to please,
Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his children.

PORCIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Porcius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.

But

PORCIUS.

O parce nato, genitor. Incumbens dolor
Gravis intus anxium sinum opprimit. O pater,
Te nunc supremum forsan appello patrem,
His parce lachrymis, neve succense ; & locus
Si quis datur adhuc precibus, hanc mentem exue.

CATO.

Bonus fuisti semper & patri obsequens.
Absterge lachrymas : cuncta restituet dies.
Quos demerere, nate, mihi semper meâ
Pietate studui, Dii patrem & natos tegent.

PORCIUS.

Mihi pectus ægrum dicta solantur tua.

CATO.

Porci, timores mitte : se indignum *Cato*
Nil perpetrabit. Vade jam nate, & vide,
Nihil ut amicis desit : ascendant rates.

But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends. See them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

[Exit.



SCENE

Si placida maria dent soluturis noti,
Mihi deinde refer. Exhausta mens curis labat,
Brevisque somni lene solamen petit.

[Exit.



N 3

SCENA

SCENE III.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

PORCIUS.

MY thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.
I feel a dawn of hope break in upon me.
My father will not cast away a life,
So needful to us all, and to his country.

ENTER JUBA.

JUBA.

Where is your father, Porcius, where is *Cato*?

PORCIUS.

Juba, speak low, he is retired to rest.

JUBA.

SCENA TERTIA.

P O R C I U S , J U B A .

P O R C I U S .

ANIMO parumper pulsus est tristi dolor,
Spēsque orta rebus melior afflictis venit.
Auguria nisi vana capio, haud unquam manu
Suâ ipse vitæ tempora abrumpet pater,
Cujus adèd opus habet orbis, & Roma, et sui.

I N T R A T J U B A .

J U B A .

Tuus ubi, Porci, genitor ? Ubi *Cato* ?

P O R C I U S .

Cave,

Submissa leni verba referantur sono.
Somnum reclinis lectulo invitat levem.

N 4

J U B A .

JUBA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God.

PORCIUS.

Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Juba, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends,
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father. I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Horrore quodam mens mihi sacro tremit,
Quoties Catonem cogito. Tanquam Deus
Aliquis ab alto lapsus, augustus, gravis,
Rigidus, severus, & tremendus est *Cato*.

PORCIUS.

Gravis & tremendus hostibus Romæ licèt,
Est bonus amicis, placidus & mitis suis.
Primis ab annis Porcio talis fuit,
Amans, benignus, facilis, indulgens pater.

JUBA.

Neque Porcio uni: pariter est semper finu
Jubam paterno, ut sanguinem amplexus suum.
Hinc & vicissim ego filii officio ut patrem
Et amore colui, magna virtutum sequi
Vestigia avidus,

PORCIUS.

Inde par decus enitet

Jubæ & Catonis.

JUBA.

'Tis his consent alone can make me blest'd.
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,*
I might be blest'd. But who knows *Cato's* thoughts?

PORCIUS.

He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Juba, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

* Taken from act I. scene II. and spoken by Sempronius in the original.



SCENE

JUBA.

Ille me solus potest
Facere beatum. Fas mihi ô utinam foret
Socerum vocare ! At ecqua turbato gerat
Consilia tacitus pectore, incertum latet.

PORCIUS.

Consilia pacis mollia videtur sui
Securus agere. Sola amicorum salus
Facit inquietum. Hinc ire me ad portum jubet,
Ubi passa ventos carbasa morantes vocant.
Ne quis reclinem turbet, interea vide.



SCENA

SCENE IV.

JUBA SOLUS.

O YE immortal Powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch and soften his repose.
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams : remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind, that goodness is your care.



SCENE

SCENA QUARTA.

JUBA SOLUS.

DII fospitales, quotquot humanum genus
Terrásque regitis, si qua respectant pios
Numina, Catonem cernite. Vigili torum
Cingite coronâ, & pellite infomnes metus.
Placido sopore victus absistat dolor,
Levibúsque mentem somniis pascat quies
Dulcis & amica. Meruit hoc virtus viri.
Hinc quotquot orbem vastum & immensum incolunt,
Studiâque virtutésque justorum sciant
Diis esse curæ.



SCENA

SCENE V.

L U C I U S, J U B A.

LUCIUS,

SWEET are the slumbers of the virtuous man.
O Juba, I have seen the godlike *Cato*.
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him.
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams. As I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar*, thou can'st not hurt me.

JUBA.

SCENA QUINTA.

L U C I U S, J U B A.

LUCIUS.

MEMBRA divinus *Cato*

Leni sopore laxat. Ipse alto toro
Vidi jacentem, proh virum qualem, Juba!
Diis vix minorem. Pristino innixum suæ
Vigore mentis tela fortunæ supra
Aliquis potenti sublevat manu Deus.
Toro supinum blanda dum mulcet quies,
Tranquillus animo varia, quæ finxit sopor,
Simulacra rerum deviam mentem abstrahunt,
Placidisque ludunt somniis. Tacito pede
Propius ut accessi, ore subridens, levi
Voce inquiebat ; jam mihi, Cæsar, nequis
Nocere : tutus arma tua temnit *Cato*.

JUBA.

JUBA.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought,
My blood runs cold* ; my frightened thoughts fly back,
And startle into madness

LUCIUS.

Away ! you're too suspicious. All is safe†,
While *Cato* lives. His presence will protect us.
Cæsar is still disposed, to give us terms,
And waits at distance, till he hears from *Cato*.

* Taken from act III. scene II.

† Ibid. scene III.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Nescio, quid animo turbidus cæco parat
Ingens, tremendum. Gelidus in venis cruor
Formidine coit, horror invadit sinum.
Deliberata fortè mors tutum facit.

LUCIUS.

Nimios timores pone : qui vigilem solet,
Vel semniantem sustinet animi vigor.

JUBA.

Novi Catonem. Vincula indocilis pati,
Nunquam probroso colla submittet jugo.
Jam quoque propinquus hostis infestis metum
Adauget armis.

LUCIUS.

Dum suis *Cato* interest,
Metus omnis absit. Ipse nos teget, hostibus
Vel nunc tremendus. Pronus ad veniam, moras
Inneſcit ultrò Cæsar, ut tandem *Cato*
Remittat animum, oblatam & accipiat fidem.

JUBA.

JUBA.

No, no ; the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burning helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Juba, 'tis time we should awaken *Cato*.



SCENE

JUBA.

Vana ominaris. Missus hostiles eques
Lustrare numeros nunciat in urbem redux
Propè imminere Cæsarem. Ipsa ad mœnia
Brevis hora sistet. Turre ab excelsâ, obvios
Quæ spectat austros, agmine instructo licet
Prospicere turmas. Sol ut oceanum subit
Adversa in arma lucidos ignes vibrat ;
Galeæque clypeique ære rutilanti vomunt
Ferule fulgur, arvæque accendunt novis
Radiata flammis.

LUCIUS.

Illicò è somnis *Cato*
Est excitandus. Commodùm à portu redux
En Porcius adest.



SCENA

SCENE VI.

JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS.

JUBA.

PORCIUS, thy looks speak something of importance.

What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

PORCIUS.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who, through the realms of Spain,
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But

SCENA SEXTA.

JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS.

JUBA.

por. **F**ARE quid, Porci, refers.

Insolita in oculis signa lætitiæ micant.

PORCIUS.

Modò ut petebam concito portum gradu,

Missus ab Iberâ lembus advenit plagâ,

Pompeius ubi junior, magni patris

Juratus ultor, bella molitur nova,

Totâsque ad arma in Cæsarem gentes ciet.

Spain His se ducem præbere si vellet *Cato*,

Populus Quirini denuò posset sua

Asferere jura, & lapsa libertas polo

Revisere

e

But

But hark ! What means that groan ?

[A groan is heard.

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidst his slumbers thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul

[Another groan.

Mourns o'er his country. Hah ! a second groan ...
Heav'n guard us all.

[Exit Lucius.

PORCIUS.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps ! 'Tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound. O ! should my father ...
I die away with horror at the thought.*

* ACT IV. scene III.

JUBA.

Revisere orbem numine erectum suo.

[*Auditur gemitus.*

Ah! ecquid audio? unde lamentabilis

Venit iste gemitus?

LUCIUS.

Somno ut indulget *Cato*,

Alto repostam cogitat Romam sinu;

Dúmque vagus animum turbidum sopor rapit,

Lugubre fatum patriæ & casum ingemit.

[*Alter gemitus.*

Ah rursus ingemit! Malum, ô superi, precor,

Avertite omen.

Exit Lucius.

PORCIUS.

Somnus haud tales solet

Ciere gemitus. Morte vox gravis sonat:

Eit ille supremus animam efflantis labor.

Ah, Juba, timeo! Mihi corda lethalis pavor

Micantia haurit. Nescio, quod ingens malum

Præfagit animus.

JUBA.

JUBA.

O Porcius, hope and fear rise up at once,†
And with variety of pain distract me.

RE-ENTER LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

O fight of woe !

What we fear'd, O Porcius, is come to pass !
Cato is fall'n upon his sword. I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale and faint
He gasps for breath.

JUBA.

No more, no more, O Lucius !
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORCIUS.

O Juba, Juba,
Have I not cause to rave and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted ? ‡

† Act III. scene I.

‡ Act IV. scene III.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Non minor me cura habet,
Dum spes metûsque hinc inde dubitantem rapit.

L U C I U S R E D I T.

LUCIUS.

Crudele fatum ! Verus heu nimiùm timor !
Mori obstinatus incubuit eni *Cato*.
Suo volutum sanguine erexi solo.
Cathedrà repostus, pallidus, languens trahit
Ægros anhelitus. Sinu ingens plaga hiat.

JUBA.

O parce, Luci, parce lachrymabili
Aures ferire nuncio. Mente liceat
Conjicere reliqua.

PORCIUS.

Luctus ô quantus meo
Incumbit animo.

O

JUBA.

JUBA.

Now, Porcius, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind :
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

PORCIUS.

O Juba, I'm distress'd, I stand astonish'd*
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive
In dreadful looks, a monument of wrath !

Now tell me, Juba, tell me from thy soul,†
If thou believest, 'tis possible for man
To suffer greater ills, than Porcius suffers ?

JUBA.

O Porcius, Porcius ! might my big swell'n heart
Vent all its griefs and give a loose to sorrow,
Juba could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

* Act III. scene II.

† Act IV. scene I.

PORCIUS.

JUBA.

Prome nunc omnem tui
Constantiam animi, & pectus obfirma malis.

PORCIUS.

Totus perhorresco, velut inopino Jovis
Qui tactus igni palpitat, anhelat, pavet,
Vitæque penè nescius vivit suæ.
Siccine mihi, pater optime, ereptus peris?
Siccine pericula inter & belli minas
Deferis amicos? O mi Orestæa fide
Primis ab annis cognite, ô animo meo
Charissime Juba, fare, num tandem putas
Majora posse perpeti quenquam mala,
Quàm Porcius perpetitur?

JUBA.

O Porci, meum

Si cor dolori liberum frænum daret,
Juba tibi, Porci, paribus afflictus malis
Lachrymam rependet lachrymâ, gemitum pari
Gemitu rependet.

O 2

PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

Hence let me fly into my father's presence,*
And pay the last sad duties.

LUCIUS.

His weeping servants,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.
Full of compassion, as his life flows from him,
He instantly demands to see his friends. †

* Act V. scene IV.

† Act V. scene IV.



SCENE

PORCIUS.

Sinite, in obsequia patris
Ultima, priusquam spiritum exhalet, ruam.

LUCIUS.

Vernæ obsequentes huc ferunt. Sensim fugit
Dum vita labris, ultimùm affari suos
Natum atque amicos voce moribundâ rogat.



SCENE VII.

CATO brought in a chair, JUBA, PORCIUS,
LUCIUS, SENATORS, &c.

PORCIUS.

O HEAV'N, assist me in this dreadful hour !

LUCIUS.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed !

JUBA.

These are thy triumphs,
Thy exploits, O Cæsar !

CATO.

Here set me down.

Porcius, come near me. Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service ?

Whilst

SCENA SEPTIMA.

CATO cathedrâ subvectus, JUBA, PORCIUS,
LUCIUS, SENATORES, &c.

PORCIUS.

Dil, luctuosâ Porcio hâc horâ, precor,
Succurrite, & benè ferre fortunam date.

LUCIUS.

Jam Roma ab alto culmine everfa occidit.

JUBA.

En, en facinora, ô Cæsar, en laurus tuæ,
Tui en triumphî !

CATO.

Me, viri, hîc deponite.

Accede, Porci. Vela num ventis mei

Dedêre amici ? Num quid est adhuc super,

Suos juvare quo ampliùs possit *Cato*.

O 4

Dum

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

O Lucius, art thou here ? Thou art too good.

Let this our friendship live between our children.

Make Porcius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas, poor man, he weeps ! Marcia, my daughter,

O bend me forward ! Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king.

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction.

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.

I'm sick to death. O when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow !

And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If

Dum vivo, ne frustrâ, precor, vivam. Ut caret
Anteaқта labe vita, liceat ad ultimum
Dixisse, Vixi. Te-ne, mi Luci, intuoꝛ ?
Est grata pietas. Quæ mihi tecum fuit,
Usque sacra nostris vivat in natis fides,
Juba—ô relapsum paululum inclina—Juba,
Pietas tua est mihi nota, notus est amor.
Dum salva stabat Roma, Romanus foret
Senator indignatus externum sibi
E regiâ stirpe generum. At rerum omnia
Discrimina ense sustulit Cæsar suo.
Quicumque pulchrâ laude virtutis nitet,
Romanus audit.—Ægra mors tristi caput
Involvit umbrâ.—O quando corporeo anima
Carcere soluta sordidam effugiet humum,
Sedem hanc malorum & sceleris odiosam domum ?
Tamen supremum dum fugax iter parat,
Videtur illi lucis æthereæ jubar
Illabi ab alto.—Ah ! vereor, ut præceps nimis
Facinus patrârit dextera ! O Superi, O deûm

If I have done amiss, impute it not !

The best may err, but you are good, and oh !

[*Exit.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greatest soul, that ever warm'd
A Roman breast. O *Cato* ! O my friend !
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

JUBA.

But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath.
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.

LUCIUS.

Hominúmque rector, cunéta qui justò æstimas
Momenta rerum, & mentis humanæ intimos
Lustras recessus, si quid erravi, precor,
Ne verte crimini. Hominis est errare. At, oh!

Moritur.

LUCIUS.

En civis ille funere indigno perit,
Quo justiore Roma non unquam parens
Sinu educavit. O mihi frustra *Cato*
Dilecte, terris quando te polus invidet,
Habebo semper hunc honoratum diem,
Semper & acerbum.

JUBA.

Funebri pompâ interim
Corpus feramus Cæsari. Motu licèt
Et luce cassus proteget amicos *Cato*.
Ubi Catonis cernet exuvias suo
Sanguine decoras victor, oblitus feræ
Mansuescet iræ.

LUCIUS.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil discords flow.
'Tis this, that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms ;
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of *Cato's* life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



LUCIUS.

Hinc concitæ gentes gravi

Discant duello, quanta procudit mala

Discordium armis civium accensus furor.

Concussa ab alto vertice hinc patria ruit,

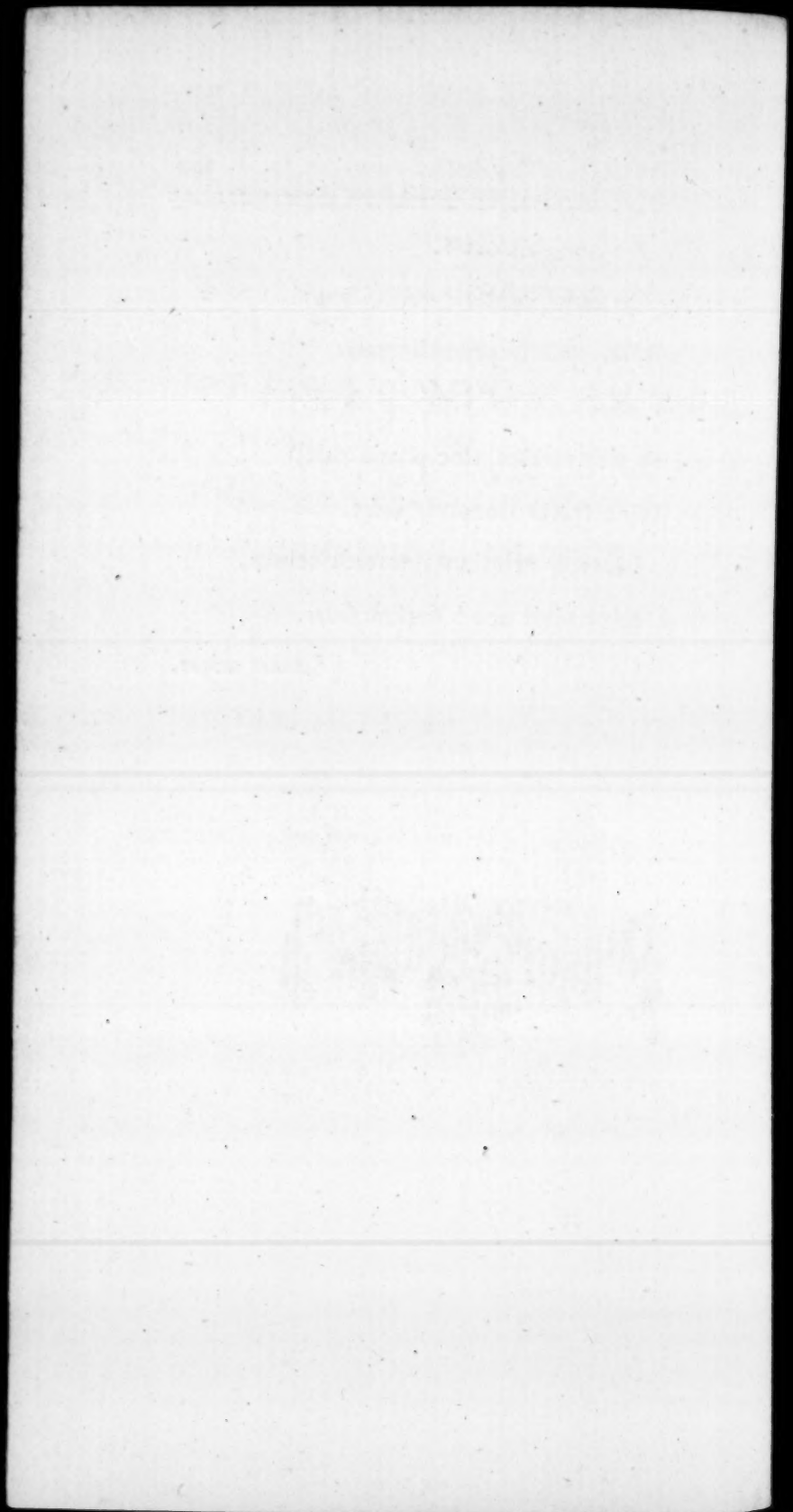
Telisque Roma fracta Romanis jacet.

Hinc fraus & omnis criminum emerfit cohors,

Raptusque nobis vixit heu ! frustra *Cato*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





ALEXANDER's FEAST;

OR THE

POWER OF MUSIC.

AN

ODE ON ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.



DONE INTO LATIN VERSE.

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

AN ODE.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son,
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sat
On his imperial throne.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair.

His

ALEXANDRI CONVIVIUM.

CARMEN.

REGIFICO quondam, devictâ Perside, luxu

Cùm strueret mensas proles generosa Philippi,

Ipsè, genus divûm, folio sublimis ab alto

Sese composuit cænæ, mediumque locavit.

Suavè rubens Thais, Tithoni conjugis instar,

Affedit lateri, viridi formosa juventâ.

Felices ambo: tanto quippe illa marito

Digna fuit, tali dignus fuit hic quoque sponsâ,

Belligeri

His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound.
So should desert in arms be crown'd.

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above.
A dragon's fiery form belied the God ;
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd
To court the beauties of her snowy breast.

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The

Belligeri proceres, focii comitesque laborum,
Myrtis atque rosis redimiti tempora circùm
Læti adfunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro.
Tantus honos armis, tantæ est victoria laudis.
Timotheus confessum inter turbamque canentùm
Tractat agens citharam, digitisque micantibus omnes
Explorans numeros, vario modulamine chordas
Protinus impellit, rapidoque repercutit ictu.
Lætitiâ plausuque fremunt, studiisque calentes
Exultant convivæ, animosque ad fidera tollunt.

A Jove principium : Jovis omnia plena canebat.
Ille supercilio celsi moderator olympi
Cuncta movet, cælorum orbis pontumque profundum.
Ille coruscanti nimborum in nocte, tonanti

Turbine

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound.

A present Deity they shout around,

A present Deity the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.

The jolly god in triumph comes,

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath, he comes, he comes.

Bacchus ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain.

Bacchus'

Turbine contorquet fulmen, quo percita tellus,
Quo mortale genus trepidant et numen adorant.*
Talibus arrectæ mentes agitataque corda
Grajugenûm. Deus, ecce deus vox omnibus una,
Et deus, ecce deus laquearia pulsa reclamant.
Attonitus rex ipse audit : simul enthea mentem
Vis sublimè rapit, mediisque interferit astris.
Jamque nihil mortale petens super æthera victor
Fertur ovans, nutuque quatit deus alter olympum.

Plurimus in Bacchi laudes formamque decoram
Deinde canit vates inconsumptamque juventam.
Evoe lætitiæ Bacchus dator advenit, alto
Edomitas Nisæ flectens de vertice tigres.
Argutos adeò fundat cava tibia cantus,
Majori clangore sonent lituique tubæque,
Et fremebunda strepant repetito tympana pulsu.
Purpureum ostentans suffuso lumine vultum
Bacchus adest, roseusque aulam subit hospes apertam.
Bacchus honoratas leges fervare bibendi

* The reader will here undoubtedly notice, and, we trust, approve a short deviation from the loose original.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And while he heav'n and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse.

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n from his high estate
And welt'ring in his blood.

Deserted

Instituit primus, concordēs inter amicos
Instaurare dapes, et pocula ponere mensis.
Quis post vina gravem martem duosque labores
Conqueritur? Post martis opus duosque labores
Insanire juvat, dulcemque haurire furorem.

Talia dum memorat, fastu turgescere inani
Rex acer, sævoque iterum contendere bello.
Ter stravit stratos, et fusa ter agmina fudit.
Jam tumido trepidare sinu, torvoque tueri
Lumine, jam martem vultu signare cruento.
Dumque ardens adeò terris minitatur et astris,
Atque ipsos demens vocat in certamina divos,
Flebilis in querulam, converso pectine, musam
Barbiton inflectit vates; ea fræna furenti
Subjicit, et stimulos sub pectore vertit amarus.
Darium illustrem, quo non pacatior alter
Extiterat terris, regali à culmine lapsum,
Afflictumque solo, proh tristia fata, canebat.

Verniles

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With down-cast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below,
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see,
That love was in the next degree.
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble.

Never

Verniles animæ, proceres jam in morte relinquunt
Exanguem, nec adest, qui languida lumina claudat.
Tristè sedet victor, mutatâ mente revolvens
Fataque, fortunasque virûm, variosque labores.
Mox gemitus mæsto de corde dat interruptos
Suspirans, lachrymisque humectat grandibus ora.
Ipse sibi plaudit vates ; jamque acer eodem
Pectine, quo stravit, gestit relevare jacentem.
Lydorum doctus numeros dulcemque Camænam,
Leniùs attrectat citharam, placidoque canore
Sensim abolet curas, blandumque inspirat amorem.
Instructas nequicquam acies, iterataque magnis
Prælia commemorat cœptis, Mavortis acuti
Sanguineos ludos, vacuos et honore triumphos.

P

O quem

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caus'd his care ;
And sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd.
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him up like a rattling peal of thunder.

O quem sacra fames, et inextinguibilis ardor
Per tot inexhaustos casus tristesque ruinas
Abripit armorum, quem per tot bella ruentem
Gloriæ adhuc urget, laudisque insana cupido,
Quam tandem statues metam, rex magne, laborum?
Si fuerat tanti victoria digna laboris,
Est propriâ mercede labor quoque dignus, et ipsos
Victores sua dona manent. Age, carpe diei
Gaudia, quæque tenes, præsentibus utere donis.
Sic regi placitum: linguis plausuque faventum
Atria longa sonant: ferit aurea sidera clamor.
Talia laurigero virtus ornata triumpho
Præmia habet, victrix retulit sed musca palmam.
Junctus Amor Baccho mediâ jam regnat in aula,
Cui vix attollens nutantia lumina princeps
Pugnat adhuc, tumido possit si pectore Divum
Excutere, infuso donec jam numine victus,
Succumbit somno pariter vinoque gravatus.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes, that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles, that flash from their eyes !
See a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold, how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !

The

Nunc age, nunc citharam rursus convelle sonantem,
Acri ter increpitans : nunc cœu ruat axe tonanti
Terrificum fulmen, rauco cava buccina cantu
Cornuaque et litui, geminataque tympana rumpant
Vincla sopora viro. Tali dum murmure circùm
Cuncta strepunt, nigris velut experrectus ab umbris,
Rex levat attonitus caput, et perstricta repenti
Corda pavore tremens vaga lumina circumflectit.
Jam mora nulla tenet, pœnas vindicta reposcit,
Timotheus clamat : viden, ut de nocte profundâ
Discurrunt furiaë ! Viden, ut sub crinibus angues
Scintillant oculos, horrendaque sibila tollunt !
En tædis armata cohors, en agmina bello
Adverso prostrata graves de Perfide pœnas
Solicitant. Hæc omnis inops inhumataque turba
Graiorum est : pœnas cuncti simul ore reposcunt.
Surge adeò et vindex ulciscere fata tuorum.
Aspicias, ut rutilos intentant hostibus ignes,
Attolluntque faces irati, et templa deorum
Perfarum exitio signant devota futuro.

The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy.

Thais led the way

To light him to his prey,

And like another Helen fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute,

Timotheus to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame.

The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother wit and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown,

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,

She drew an angel down.

Protinus arreptam spirans immanè coruscat
Rex pinum, poscitque amens incendia victor.
Conspirant plausu proceres, cunctique sequuntur.
Ipsa inter medios, tædâ flagrante, tumultus
Prima micat Thais, cæci dux fæmina facti,
Alteram et incendit ceu Tyndaris altera Trojam.

Sic citharâ quondam fretus fidibusque, priusquam
Organa adhuc norant animata tumescere flatu,
Timotheus varios acuit sub pectore motus,
Indomitamque iram, placidumque accendit amorem.
Cæcilis at tandem patriis descendit ab astris
Docta modos superûm. Divino numine plena,
Illa novos jussit numeros clarescere terris,
Ignotoque prius grandescere carmina cantu.
Timotheus aded palmam concedat ovanti
Cæciliæ, aut meritam capiant simul ambo coronam.
Ille potens numeris mortalem ad sidera vexit,
Hæc cæli indigenam deduxit ab æthere divum.

ODE FOR MUSIC,

ON

S. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. POPE.

DESCEND, ye nine, descend and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain ;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around,
The shrill echoes rebound :

While

IN LAUDEM MUSICES

I N

DIE S. CÆCILIAE SACRO.

CARMEN.

AONIIS descende jugis, age funde canoros,
Turba novena, modos : spiranti carmina buxo
Suffice, & in numeros citharam moderata tacentem,
Protinus impulso quate fila sonantia plectro.

Flebilis in molles longum vibrata querelas
Dulcè gemat testudo, strepant lituique tubæque,
Et pulsata volet circum laquearia clangor.
Pleniùs interea lento solemnia flatu

While in more lengthen'd notes and flow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
Exulting, in triumph, now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low :
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies :
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors

Organa clarescant, exultantique canore
Ventosis reddant modulatam follibus auram.
Audin ! lene melos blandè subrepat in aures.
Jam magis atque magis latè se fundit, & ipsis
Acceptum superis emittit ad astra sonorem.
Et tumet, & tremit, & plaudit, geminatque, trium-
phatque,
Elisumque modis trepidantibus aëra complet.
Mox cæsum extenuat sese, numerosque minutim
Expirat moriens, & deficit expirando.

Dirigit arte suâ moderatrix musica mentem,
Nec torpere finit nimiumve tumescere ; pectus
Gaudia si mixto turbent exorta tumultu,
Illa regit numeris motus, & pectora placat.
Sin animus jaceat curarum pondere pressus,
Ipsa subit, curasque levat, recreatque jacentem.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.

Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes :
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported

Bellatorum animis virtutem accendit, & ægro

Sufficit occultè medicans lenimen amanti.

Ipfius ad numeros curas jubet ire folutas

Mœftitia ; è ftratis excitus corripit artus

Morpheus ; Pigrities torpentes excutit ulnas,

Protinus evigilans ; fopitis anguibus adftat

Invidia, & modulos avidâ bibit aure fonoros.

Inteftina filent animorum bella ; quiefcit

Seditio, pofitas nec jam reminifcitur iras.

At cùm bella vocant, armorumque ingruit horror,

Martius ut lituûm fonitus clangorque tubarum

Exacuit mentem, patriæque accendit amore !

Sic ubi prima ratis, curfus tentare minaces

Audax, ignotis pelagi fe credidit undis,

Threïcius vates puppi fublimis ab altâ

Increpuit citharam ; cognatas, nec mora, pinus

Peliacis vidit descendere montibus Argo.

Lætitiâ

Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the found,
Enflam'd with glory's charms :
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd
And half unsheath'd the shining blade ;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms..

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Sad Orpheus sought his comfort lost,
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd ;
And nought was seen, and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coast,
But dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts.

Lætitiâ circùm, plausuque animisq̃ue frementes,
Semidei exultant reges, martemque laceſſunt.
Uſque aded pulchræ flagrantia corda fatigat
Laudis amor. Clypei textos ſeptemPLICIS orbes
Heros quiſque rotat ; vaginæ damnat inertes
Exiliens jam mucro moras : vox omnibus arma,
Rupes arma, fretumque poliſque arma, arma remittunt.

Sed raptam Eurydicem cùm per lachrymabile Ditis
Inferni regnum, rapidus flagrantibus undis
Quod Phlegeton ambit, gemebundus quæreret Orpheus,
Objice crudeles non exorabile limen
Præcluſere fores. Hic caligantia circum
Littora terrifiçæ voces, lamenta, gravesque
Miſceri gemitus, & lugubres ululatus.
Continuò nigræ torrenti vortice peſtes
Flammarum erumpunt, & latè lurida jaſtant
Fulgura ; tum ſtridor ferri, tortoque flagello
Verbera, & umbrarum planctus reſonare nocentùm.

Fallor !

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire.

See, shady forms advance !

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still ;

Ixion refts upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance.

The Furies sink upon their iron beds

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;

By those happy souls, who dwell

In yellow meads of Asphodel,

Or Amaranthine bow'rs :

By the heroes armed shades,

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,

By

Fallor ! Threicio crepuit chelys aurea plectro ?

Lætæ respirant pœnis cessantibus umbræ.

Exangues plaudunt choreas ad carmina Manes :

Turba levis propiore movet vestigia passu.

Non jam Ixionei circum rota vertitur orbis,

Nec saxum Æoliden revolubile Sisyphon urget.

Oblitæ irarum, Furiaë se in strata reclinant

Ferrea, & intenti pendent de crinibus angues.

Per Stygis æternò labentia flumina, dixit,

Per Zephyrum, qui lenè volans per amœna vireta

Elysios flores fragranti recreat aurâ ;

Per fortunatas animas, manesque piorum,

Asphodelo qui prata tenent flaventia, vel quos

Frondebis intextis redolens Amaranthus inumbrat ;

Perque heroum umbras, ferroque auroque micantes,

Quæ tremulam vibrant nemora inter nubila lucem ;

Per

By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
Oh take the husband, or return the wife.
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's pray'r :
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious ?
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now

Per, quos sævus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secretique tegunt calles & myrtea sylva ;
O precor, Eurydices properata retexite fata ;
O date, mecum iterum supera ut convexa revisat !
Id si Parca vetat, — letho gaudete duorum.

Talibus orabat : nigri sacraia Ditis,
Haud mora, consentire ; rataque Proserpina jussit
Esse preces. Quid non adeò Lethoque Ereboque
Musica devictis speret superare canendo ?
Obstabant fera fata licèt, reditumque nigranti.
Claudebat novies Styx circumfusa palude,
Vicit amor, citharâ pollens fidibusque canoris.

Ast incautus amans nîmiùm citò respicit : illa
Heu ! retro ad Stygias collapsa revolvitur umbras.
Quâ prece, quo fletu Manes jam flexeris, Orpheu ?
Crimen abest, ni fortè nimis sit crimen amâsse.

Nunc

Now under hanging mountains,

Befide the falls of fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,

Rolling in Mæanders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan,

And calls her gholt,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies surrounded,

- Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows.

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah fee, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Nunc quà defessus variis erroribus undas
Hebrus agit, sive abrupti sub fragmine montis
Surda sedens inter pronarum murmura aquarum,
Nulli exauditus, lachrymans, ignotus, acerbùm
Ingemit, & questu montes sylvasque fatigat,
Eurydicem ingeminans & non revocabile fatum.
Nunc stupet attonitus, furiis agitatus, & expes;
Dum Rhodopen lustrat glacie nivibusque regentem,
Ardet, & ardentem tremor occupat. Ilicet amens
Per loca vasta fugit properantibus ocyor Euris.
Thyrfigeris audin' bacchantibus insonat Hæmus—
Heu! miser occidit!—At miseram tamen algida lingua,
Ah miseram Eurydicem, vitâ fugiente, ciebat.
Eurydicen sylvæ, Eurydicen amnesque lacusque,
Eurydicen montes, & concava faxa sonabant.

Musa

Music the fiercest griefs can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm :
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please :
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

Musa regit luctusque feros, legemque severam
Fatorum : infusâ duram dulcedine mutat
Pœnarum rabiem, & blando folamine mulcet
Lymphatos animos desperantesque salutis.
Lætitiæ majore replet mortalia sensu
Pectora, datque alti præsciscere gaudia cœli.

Hoc, afflata Dei propiori numine, sensit
Cæcilis, & modulos cœlo sacravit & aris.
Cùm conjuncta choris pleno modulamine plaudunt
Organa, concentum cupidis gens incola cœli
Auribus accipiunt. Sacro simul igne calentes,
Nos quoque in æthereos animis sublimibus orbes
Abripimur, cœlumque ipsum penetramus ovantes.

Threïcium cessent adeò jam dicere vates
Orphea ; Cæciliæ major concessa potestas.
Conjugis hic manes Stygiis revocavit ab umbris,
Illa canens sublimè levat super æthera mentem.

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Quatuor vertentis anni Tempestates.*

CARMEN.

AREA lata jacet multo nitidissima cultu
 Herbarum florumque toris, quam quatuor albo
 Marmore Nympharum vivos referentia vultus
 Distinguunt simulachra, loci ornamenta superbi.
 Hinc via porrigitur raris intersita lucis,
 Quantum acie possunt oculi lustrare tuentum.
 Ordine directo surgunt æqualibus inter
 Se spatiis ulmi, cælo capita alta ferentes.
 Parte ex adversâ, nigrâ nemus imminet umbrâ,
 Luxurie foliorum horrens : hinc aurea mala,

* Anglicè The Seasons. Vide Spectator, Vol. 6, N. 425.

Laurique et salices et amantes littora myrti.
Amnis utrumque latus vitreâ pellucidus undâ
Alluit, et terram viridanti gramine vestit.
Tractus amore loci gressum huc, ut sæpe, ferebam.

Jam pronus Titan immerferat æquore currum,
Et vespertinos accenderat Hesperus ignes.
Cynthia jam puro surgens effulget olympo,
Et tremulos philomela modos merulæque canoræ
Certatim exorfæ replent concentibus auras.
Unda repercussæ radians ab imagine lunæ,
Et lenes zephyrorum animæ, mollesque susurri
Insolitâ mentem recreant dulcedine, et omnes
Curas ire jubent. O terque quaterque beati,
Queis fani, aiebam, tanta inter gaudia ruris
Contigit innocuæ traducere tempora vitæ!
His ego deliciis pigram excussisse fenestram
Optârim, lapsæque annos renovare juventæ.
Tum vario expendi labentia tempora motu,
Volventisque anni tempestatumque per orbem
Continuos reditus: ut nox vaga fidera promit,

Et

Et peritura diem nascentem aurora reducit :
Quid facit infestas hyemes, quo fidere findit
Sol æstivus agros, primo quot vere colores
Floreæ terra parit, quantas autumnus opimo
Fundit opes gremio, donec jam bruma recurrens
Excudit arboribus, quos ver renovârat honores.

Talia volventi placuit pendente sub ulmo .
Sternere corpus humi : nec longum ita fortè jacenti,
Incertum florúmne aurâ studiôve diurno,
Paulatim obrepens fusos sopor occupat artus.
In somnis ecce ante oculos placidissimus horti
Vîsus adesse mihi Genius, quem ponè sequuntur
Horæque et Menses, anni vertentis imago.

Emicat ante alios viridi spectabilis ævo,
Egregius formâ Juvenis.* Decor æmulus astris
Fronte sedet ; crines divinum vertice odorem

* Ver.

Q 2

Exhalant

Exhalant, vestisque pedes descendit ad imos
Serica, textorum vernans subtemine florum.
Ætas prima licet nondum fortita virile
Robur erat, florente tamen jussaque figurâ
Membrorum incedit, qualem decet esse juventæ.
Dextram ornat croceo narcissus junctus acantho,
Purpureisque rosæ circumdant tempora fertis.
Hujus in adventu sese natura fragrantēs
Induit in flores. Molli de cespite surgunt
Sub pedibus violæ, panditque decora tenellum
Primula per campos folium, primæva Favoni
Et Chloris soboles. Novus hinc Vertumnus amictu
Versicolore nitet, virides incincta capillos
Flora rosis illinc gressum comitatur euntis.

Hæc perlustranti mihi dum miranda videntur,
Ecce repercussos lunæ splendentis ab orbe
Flamma, illapsa oculis, radios ad nubila jactat.
Talibus attonitus visis, hæc protinus ambas
Flecto acies, habitumque viri gressumque tremisco.

Per

Per campum incedit rutulis circumdatus arinis
Pugnator, strictoque nemus præfulgurat ense.
Pectus et ampli humeri nitidâ pro veste teguntur
Loricâ confertâ hamis : frontem premit ærea cassis.
Fare, isthæc quæ forma viri, visûque tremendum
Os bellatoris ? Quæ tanta licentia ferri ?
Cui Genius : quem tu, trepidus formidine, campo
Prospicis adverso gradientem et torva tuentem,
Bellipotens Mars est, qui quanquam sanguine gaudet,
Non tamen usque furit ; clypeique oblitus et hastæ,
Interdum properat vernis se jungere Nymphis.

Nunc placito juxtâ Charitum chorus agmine prodit,
Implicitis pariter manibus zonisque solutis,
Ad citharæ cantum per prata virentia festas
Exercent choreas : ventis dant colla comasque,
Alternisque solum pulfant ex ordine plantis.
Innumeris stipata Jocis Venus aurea lucet
In medio, blandoque omnes supereminet ore.
Inclutum vitro solem Titaniaque astra

Circumfert lævâ, sceptrum regale coruscat
Dextrâ, sceptrum auro gemmisque micantibus aptum.

Inde retrò verni succedunt ordine Menses,
Martium ut adversum vidi per amæna vireta
Ferre pedem, visus primùm mihi vultus et ora
Nubibus obduci, et fulcari tempora rugis.
Ast ubi jam cæpit propiore accedere passu,
Turbida paulatim nigræ rarefcere frontis
Nubila, et æthereas sese purgare sub auras.
Jam facies tam blanda nitet, jam tanta relucet
Gratia, jam risu tam temperat ora sereno,
Ut cognoscendi studio juvet usque morari,
Et conferre gradum, mentemque explere tuendo.
Ordo sed intereà rapitur revolubilis anni,
Nec sine tristitiæ sensu discedere vidi,
Florigero quæmvis aditum patefecit Aprili.

Ille ubi jam propiùs per amica silentia lunæ
Accessit, formam egregiam vultumque salubrem

Lustravi

Lustravi admirans : adeò illi dulcis inerrat
Temperies, leni tantus color insidet ore !
Quà graditur, vernum sequitur decus : omnis in herbam
Turgida surgit humus, zephyrisque tepentibus halant
Purpurei flores. Terris tamen aurea condit
Lumina nonnunquam, et dubiæ caligine frontis
Squalentem glomerans nubem se solvit in imbres
Irriguos : primam rursus mox colligit ore
Temperiem, nubesque fugat solemque reducit.

Illius admissò Maius vestigia cursu
Urget anhelanti similis. Contenta parato
Tela tenens arcu gradientem passibus æquat
Natus Acidaliæ Veneris : jam jamque sagittam
Emissurus erat, quando ut transibat, amantùm
Continuò auditi fletus, lamenta, querelæque,
Et fractæ gemitu voces. Sed leniter aures
Vix feriunt, ubi jam stridenti turbine venti
Omnia confundant et nubibus irrita donant.

Talia miranti, magnâ comitante catervâ,
Apparet nova forma Viri;* graditurque per hortum
Jam medium, et profugi vestigia veris anhelò
Passu urget, viridesque umbras fontesque requirit
Impatiens æstûs. Humeris projecerat altis
Cirratas errare comas et ludere vento.
Olli roriferas supra caput explicat alas
Crinibus alludens Zephyrus, solisque calentes
Defendit radios, et flamine mulcet amico.
Huic bini comites stipant latus; Hesperus albo
Vectus equo, et croceis rutilans Aurora capillis.
Pan et flava Ceres, manibus per mutua jûctis,
Ambo ætate pares, spicis nutantibus ambo
Tempora præcincti subeunt: hos deinde quaterni
Rustica turba premunt messorum. Illa sonantem
Fert dextrâ citharam, terramque ad carmina pulsât.
Hi dominam agnoscunt læti, lustrantque choreis.

* Æstas.

Æstivi

Æstivi veniunt terno pòst ordine Menses.

Junius impubem veris servare juventam

Vifus adhuc ; sicco conspersi pulvere crines,

Julius Augustusque æstu tardante sequuntur.

Tardior Augustus : quatit asper anhelitus artus.

Jam languens, jam lapsurus similisque cadenti

Ægro incessu hæret. Sudor lavit improbus ora,

Dum furit adverso malesana Canicula cælo.

Vir* subit à tergo, maturo floridus ævo,

Purpureâ fulgens zonâ fulvoque capillo.

Olli dependet promissa in pectore barba :

In nodum collecto humeros toga vestit amictu,

Flavis tincta notis, frondes imitata caducas,

Quas primum autumi decussit ab arbore frigus:

Quacunque incedit, dextrâ generosus apertâ

Spargit opes, laterique hærens telluris opimas

Multiplici fruges effundit Copia cornu.

Q5

Sed

* Autumnus.

Sed neque sic visus prærepti munera veris
Compensare tamen. Dextrâ Pomona madenti
Spumantem cratera tenens comitatur euntem.
Uvida pampineis evinctus tempora ramis
Liber adest, curruque tigres sublimis ab alto
Flectit agens, Evæque Evæ canit orgia Bacchis.
Tum variæ comitum facies, innoxia ruris
Numina, Sileni, quos tota armenta sequuntur
Faunique, Satyrique et monticolæ Sylvani.

Proximus incedit cultu September amœno,
Dives opum, verisque novi promissor honorum.
Illi Phœbeo facies splendore relucet,
Aut subitò si quæ contristant nubila vultum,
Mox placido absterget risu, cælumque serenat.
Talis erat, talem sese September agebat.
Protinus Oôtober, calcatis sordidus uvis,
Ingreditur pluviâque caput madefactus et austro.

Tertius

Tertius his voluit quanquam comes ire November,
Sistit sæpè gradum, atque hyemem cervice reflexâ
Respicit instantem tergo, et propiora tenentem.

Olli* forma senis vergentis ad ultima vitæ
Tempora ; Sithoniæ capiti nivis æmula lucet
Canities ; baculus vestigia languida firmat.
Barba riget glacie concretis pendula crustis ;
Frons rugosa, oculi suffusi sanguine et igni.
Pectoribus tenus hædinis in pellibus horret,
Hirsutâ impexus setâ ; de crinibus urfi
Tegmen habet capiti. Sed vis adeò aspera cæli
Frigore torpentes artus penetrârat et ossa,
Ut, visu miserum, penitus lunatus in arcum
Haud usquam valeat cæli convexa tueri.
Ter conatus erat se recto attollere trunco,
Ter genuum junctura senem frustrata labascit,
Officiumque negat. Pede jam titubante minatur

* Hyems.

Succiduus lapsum, tantis algoribus impar,
Si non continuò focios ea cura subiret
Sustentare manu, et gressus fulcire trementes.

Hinc graditur Comus, dapibus qui præsidet, illinc
Fati annosa Parens, magnâ quæ voce per umbras
Usque monet, quotquot sub iniquâ forte laborant,
Æquâ ut mente ferant, duri quodcunque ferendum est.
Totus in aspectu Comi defixus inhæsi.
Parte sub adversâ chlamydis, quam fulgida rubro
Purpura distinguit limbo, sine labe renidet
Pictus acu Phrygiâ et ferrugine tinctus Iberâ.
Innumeros in fronte Sales transversa tuentes,
Et Ritus, hilaresque Jocos, festosque Lepores
Fecerat intexens vario subtemine Pallas.
Ast averfus ubi sese subducere cæpit,
Heu! qualis, quantum et mutata abeuntis imago!
Calvities squalente caput cute turpat, et artus
Conficit informis macies. Tum picta per oras
Extremas tunicæ, passis de more capillis

Conspicitur

Conspicitur Cædes, stricto mucrone cruenta.
Sanguineo succincta peplo juxtà accubat Ira,
Lividaque in densum distorquens lumina vulgus
Suspicio. In medio Clamores, ebria bella
Cernere erat. Madidos infano marte videres
Fervere convivas, vinoque rubescere mensas.
Hinc Lapithæ stabant, genus hinc deforme, bimembres
Prælia Centauri miscent. Jam fracta per auras
Pocula crateresque volant. Furor arma ministrat,
Immixto tellus vinoque et sanguine manat.

Tam fœdum aspectu scelus averfatus et arma
Impia, converso Saturnum lumine cerno.
Ille è conspectu sensim subrepere pergit
Furtivo taciturnus passu : armatur aduncâ
Dextram falce manum ; de lævâ clepsidra pendet.
Proxima Saturno spatium dein Vesta relicto
Advenit ætæ in tervan penetrabilibus ignem.
Dextrâ ardet lampas, dulci quam semper olivo
Flamma perennis alit. Tum turbidus imbre Decembris,
Januque

Janusque et Februus vestiti pellibus omnes
Ordine succedunt. Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, nisi quò propiore sequentis
Quisque sibi spatium sentit vestigia veris,
Aut levat aut densat contractæ nubila frontis.



THE
PASTORALS

OF

MR. POPE.

DONE INTO LATIN VERSE.

SPRING; OR, DAMON.

The FIRST PASTORAL.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains.
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing,
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more;
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!

O let

VER, SIVE DAMON.**ECLOGA PRIMA.**

HIC primùm agresti tentavit arundine carmen,
Nostra nec erubuit campos celebrare Camœna
Windsorios : leni, Thameſis Pater, agmine fluctus
Volve, tuo Siculæ cantant in littore Muſæ.
Per ſalices ludat tremulo verna aura fuſurro,
Albentesque ferant rupes ad fidera cantus.

O qui Regum apice, & popularibus altior auris,
Oblatas ſpernis pompas, faſcesque ſuperbos
Ruris amans, aulæque & opes, ſtrepitumque relinquis
Transfuga non humilis, tenui mea carmen avenâ

Muſa

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre.
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chaunt to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair.
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied.

DAPHNIS.

Hear, how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day !

Why

Musâ canat, patrio donec tu lentus in arvo,
Majori moveas resonantia pectine fila.
Sic, ubi sub ramo captat philomela quietem,
Sylvestri merulæ nemora inter sola canoros
Fas tentare modos : fin illa silentia rumpit,
Hæc tacet : arrectis audit simul auribus omnis
Alituum chorus, et pennis plaudentibus adstat.

Ut pecus excusso nocturnum à vellere rorem
Dispulerat, curis animum vigilantibus acti,
Lanigeros duxêre greges ad pascua Daphnis
Atque bonus Strephon ; Musâ aspirante canendo
Ambo pares, formosi annis florentibus ambo.
Jamque Aurora novo stringebat lumine montes ;
Hæc Daphnis, cui sic respondit in ordine Strephon.

DAPHNIS.

Audin' ut modulis resonant arbusculæ sonoris,
Nascentemque diem genus evocat omne volucrum !

Cur

Why stand we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
Why stand we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines.
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year :
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ?

DAMON.

VER.

Cur taciti stamus ? Jam matutina canoros
Fundit alauda modos, jam ver Philomela salutat.
Cur mœsti stamus ? Claro jam fulget Olympo
Phosphorus, & roseum natura redintegrat annum.

STREPHON.

Incipe ; tu Damon, certaminis arbiter esto,
Dum lenti exercent tauri sub vomere campum.
Hic crocus, & casia molles, violæque renident,
Purpureæque rosæ Zephyris spirantibus halant.
Illum ego ponam agnum, fontis qui ludit ad undas,
Ludentisque suam de margine prospicit umbram.

DAPHNIS.

Poculum & hoc ego, cui torno superaddita vitis
Panditur, effusos hederâ cingente racemos ;
Anni vertentis quatuor cœlata figuris
Tempora convexis surgunt : & quid fuit illud,
Quod paribus cingit cœlestem partibus orbem,
Quâ duodena æquo volvuntur tramite signa ?

DAMON.

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing.
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground.
Begin; the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altar stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be changed to gold.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain:

But

DAMON.

Alternis canite, oblectant alterna Camœnas.

Nunc pratum omne nitet, nunc omnis parturit arbor ;

Frondibus & sylvæ vernant, & floribus agri.

Dicite ; vocales referent ad sidera valles.

STREPHON.

Delia mi canitur ; tu suffice, Phœbe, canenti

Carmina Wallerii, aut Granvilli digna Camœnis.

Tergore candenti taurus tibi stabit ad aras,

Qui cornu feriat, pedibusque laceffat arenam.

DAPHNIS.

Pan, mihi si dones Strephona æquare canendo,

Ipse tibi signum Pario de marmore ponam.

Sin vincam, numeroque auctum mihi crescat ovile,

Marmore pro Pario stabis conspectus in auro.

STREPHON.

Me mea blanda vocat pellaci Delia nutu ;

Nec mora, prorumpens densam se condit in umbram.

Acer

But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green ;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen.
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po,
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield.
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves ;
If Windfor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windfor-shade.

STREPHON.

Acer amore sequor : ludit primùm illa sequentem
Improba, mox ficto gaudet se prodere risu.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia gramineum celeri pede corripit arvum :
Jamque fugit, seseque cupit fugitiva videri.
Ipsa sibi discors sequiturque fugitque sequentem,
Dum visu repetit, quem cursu vitat amantem.

STREPHON.

Auriferas jactet dives Pactolus arenas,
Eridani in ripis sudent electra myricæ ;
Blandiùs arrident Thamifino in littore campi :
Parcite, oves, procedere ; vestra hæc pascua sunt.

DAPHNIS.

Diligit Idaliæ sacros Venus aurea lucos ;
Hybla fragrans Cereri, Dianæ Cynthus amatur.
Windforios habitet tantùm mea Sylvia campos,
Windforiis cedent campis & Cynthus & Hybla.

R

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs,
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day.

Ev'n

STREPHON.

Omnia nunc squalent ; contristant æthera nimbi,
Tristè silent volucres, languet flos omnis in agro ;
Delia si ridet, fugiunt vaga nubila cœlo,
Flora redit, gaudentque choros renovare volucres.

DAPHNIS.

Omnia nunc florent, nunc formosissima latè
Sylva viret ; placidis mitescunt solibus auræ :
Sylvia si ridet, decorat lux altera campos,
Et natura novo superata rubescit honore.

STREPHON.

Vere novo valles, autumnno tempore montes,
Mane juvant agri, mediis sub solibus umbræ,
Delia me semper ; fin illa abscefferit, agri
Nec me mane juvant, mediis nec solibus umbræ.

DAPHNIS.

Veris & autumnni sibi Sylvia jungit honores ;
Pulchrior autumnno est, & vernâ suavior aurâ.

Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous tree, that sacred Monarchs bears :
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields :
And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend ; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel,
Blest Nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well !

Now

Montibus his nostris abeat, ver displicet ; ipsâ
Præsenti, felix toto ver regnat in anno.

STREPHON.

Dic, quibus in terris ramis felicibus arbor
Sacratos gestat Reges ; tum, lite repostâ,
Haud sanè abnuero pateram tibi victus, & agnum
Tradere : parto ibit tua Sylvia læta triumpho.

DAPHNIS.

Dic, quibus ipse prior melioribus exit in agris
Carduus assurgens, cui lactea lilia cedunt :
Tum tu nobilius referes, me dante, trophæum :
Sylvia ducetur tibi candida sponsa marito.

DAMON.

Sistite, jam pueri ; tibi finum adjudico, Strephon,
Et tibi, Daphni, agnum. Vos an magis arte canendi
Felices, pueri, an pulchro vos corpore, Nymphæ ?
Felices, pueri ; felices vos quoque, Nymphæ.

R 3

Surgite

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see, the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.



SUMMER ;

Surgite nunc aded, quodque hîc propè frondet, ad
antrum

Tendite, securum verno tutamen ab imbre.

Gramineæ luxu mensæ sternentur agresti,

Floriferumque nemus suaves diffundet odores.

Namque videtis, uti pecudes ad ovilia tendunt,

Fœcundoque graves descendunt Pleiades imbre.



SUMMER; OR, ALEXIS.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

To Dr. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's Boy, he seeks no better name,
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Nāids wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept

ÆSTAS, SIVE ALEXIS.ECLOGA II.

PASTORIS famulus, nec enim sibi majus Alexis
Nomen avet, fœcunda greges ad pascua jussit
Tendere, quâ placido Thamisis fecat arva fluento.
Mite reperi cussis solis jubar errat in undis,
Et tremulam faciunt alni pastoribus umbram.
Dum dulcè hîc queritur, dum carmina fundit ad auras,
Stant mœstæ pecudes circùm, & suspensa quiescunt
Flumina : Nâiades liquidis flevêre sub antris,
Flevit & irriguo descendens Jupiter imbre.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays ;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou can'st not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn ; nor to the deaf I sing ;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder, and more hard than they ?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree ?
They parch'd with heat, and I inflamed by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray, ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love ?

In

Accipe, GARTHA, novo deductum pectine carmen,
Accipe, quamque ferunt musæ, sine tempora circum
Inter Apollineas hederam tibi serpere lauros.
En, quid amor, tibi amor solum insanabile, cogit
Ferre, quibusque premit juvenilia pectora curis.

Vos, gelidi fontes, fagi, vos testor, opacæ,
Quæ radios Phœbi, non ignem arcetis Amoris,
Quas dolor effundit, justas audite querelas.
Non canimus furdīs; respondent flebilè sylvæ,
Flebilè clivosi montes, & saxa reclamant.
Durior heu quianam saxis, Amarylli, canentem
Respuis, & nullas voces tractabilis audis?
Flebilè balantes respondent quæstibus agni;
Illos ficca dies, tu me, meus ignis, aduris.
Æsifer accendit sitientes Sirius agros,
At tibi perpetuâ frigent præcordia brumâ.

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuère, Camcænæ,
Vester Alexis ubi studio tabebat inani?

In those fair fields, where sacred Ifis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass.
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains, which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant, that drinks the morning dew.
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer.
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine, which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death.
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:

But

An quà pulcher Ifis leni rigat agmine campos,
An quà per valles sinuat sua flumina Camus ?
Nuper ego lucentis aquæ me in margine vidi ;
Suavè rubescentem mihi rettulit unda figuram.
Sed cùm nostræ adeò formæ tibi sordet imago,
Ipse ego jam fontes, modò qui placuère, relinquo.
Quæ procul in sylvis plantæ nascuntur, & omnes
Virtutes herbarum nôram, usumque medendi.
Hei mihi ! quid prodest plantas novisse, vel herbas,
Si crudelis amor nullâ est medicabilis arte,
Nec mihi, quæ gregibus, medicantia gramina profunt !

Formosos alii per mollia pascua ducant
Auspicio meliore greges, & vellera mutant ;
Me juvat umbroso tecum hoc sub monte jacentem
Et canere, & viridi præcingere tempora lauro.
Est mihi, quam Corydon modulans inflare solebat,
Fistula ; supremum hoc, inquit, morientis, Alexi,
Munus habe ; hæc nomen Rosalindæ rura docebat.

Sic

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despised by thee.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song.
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring.
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join.
Accept the wreath, which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.

See, what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, sprightly nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When

Sic Corydon ; sed jam pendebit ab arbore buxus
Ufque filens, cùm noſtra adeò tibi carmina fordent.

Sæpè tamen plauſus mihi ruſtica turba canenti,
Panque Deus, Satyrique leves, Faunique dedêre.
Ipſæ etiam Nymphæ ſylvis venêre reliâtiſ.
Primitias ultrò frugum, niveaſque palumbes
Quas tibi ſervo, ferunt. Studiis certantibus omnes
Paſtores tibi ſerta parant : tibi Flora renidens
Purpureos neâtit ruris redolentiſ honores.
Quin ergo, quam ſola meres, Amarylly, coronam
Accipe : nam campis, nam tu decus omne coloniſ.

Aſpice, quanta tenet ſylveſtria rura voluptas ?
Æthere delapſi coluerunt Dii quoque ſylvas.
Pulchra Venus ſylvis cum pulchro errabat Adoni,
Atque Diana frequens virides amat incola ſaltus.
Nympha, veni : præſente volat te gratior hora,
Cùm tonſiſ redeunt ovibus ſub nocte coloniſ,

Cum

When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh! deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish, where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall.

But

Cum vincti ex agro messorum tempora spicis
Adsumt, & Cererem festo clamore salutant.
Squameus hinc tacitâ nullus latet anguis in herbâ,
Sed mihi amor latitans nutrit sub corde venenum.
Hinc roseos populantur apes, sua gaudia, flores;
Nulla absente tuus te gaudia novit Alexis.
O! precor, ô! nostras dignare invisere sedes,
Et virides, musco fontes, nemorumque recessus.
Quacumque incedas, spirante favonius aurâ
Apricos recreabit agros: ubicumque sedentem
Sylva sequax densâ ramorum proteget umbrâ.
Sub pedibus mollem sternet tibi Flora tapetem,
Quaque feras oculos, rerum nova gloria surget.
O dulces liceat tecum mihi ducere soles,
Aonioque tuas percurrere pectine laudes!
Te volucrum per rura chori, te campus, & omnis
Sylva canet, nomenque ferent ad sidera venti.
Sin certare voles, Orpheumque æquare canendo,
In numerum rursus sylvasque umbrasque videbis
Ludere, & excelsos motare cacumina montes,
Auritosque trahi suspensis lapsibus amnes.

Sed

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To clofer shades the panting flocks remove.
Ye Gods, and is there no relief for Love?

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends :
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.



AUTUMN;

Sed viden ! è medio sol igneus ardet Olympo,
Et fessæ pecudes frigus sectantur opacum.

Cum grege pastores umbras & flumina quærunt :
Hei mihi, quòd duro nullum est solamen amorì !

Mox cælum emensus, sol æquore tinget anhelos
Pronus equos, ponetque viæ finemque labori :
Me tamen usque novis violentior æstibus urit
Ignis, & ardentem noctesque diesque fatigat.



AUTUMNUS,

AUTUMN; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays.
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.

Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

Whose

AUTUMNUS, SIVE HYLAS ET ÆGON.ECLOGA III.

FORTE' sub umbroso frondentis tegmine fagi
Pulcher Hylas, pulcherque unà confederat Ægon.
Hic infidum, ille absentem deflebat amorem,
Deliaque & Doris nemorosa per arva sonabant.

Andinæ Musæ, sacros recludite fontes ;
Sollicitos Ægonis Hylæque canemus amores.

O, cui Pierides numeros, artemque Terenti,
Plautinosque dedêre sales, ignesque Menandri ;

O tu,

Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms;
Oh, skill'd in nature, see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light,
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
To Doris' ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost Love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;
Thus, far from Doris, to the winds I mourn,
Alike, unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
For her the feather'd quires neglect their song ;

For

O tu, qui mores hominum formare monendo
Cenfor amas, vitæque doces præcepta beatæ ;
Aspice nos, nostramque, licèt sit rustica, Musam,
Pastorumque bonus molles ne sperne querelas.

Jam roseis Sol pronus equis vergebat in æquor,
Sparsaque puniceâ radiabant nubila luce ;
Argutâ cùm tristis Hylas sic cœpit avenâ,
Montesque & scopulos Dorin resonare docebat.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas !
Scilicet ut mœrens, amissâ conjuge, turtur
Raucâ gemens gravibus latè loca quæstibus implet ;
Sic mea dum Doris procul his sejungitur arvis,
Solutus, inops, expes singultibus astra laceffo.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas !
Illâ absente, choros mœstæ abruptère volucres ;

Illâ

For her the limes their pleasing shades deny ;
For her the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs, that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing.
Ye trees, that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away ?
Curst be the fields, that cause my Doris' stay.
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
What have I said ? Where'er my Doris flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise ;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,

The

Illâ absente, suam fesso negat arbutus umbram,
Marcentesque comas morientia lilia ponunt.
Lilia, quæ verno spoliata jacetis honore,
Vos, canere oblitæ, fugiente æstate, volucres,
Vos sylvæ, autumnno contactæ frigore, testor,
Longa mori si non absentia cogat amantem.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas !
Detestata mihi, procul hoc quæ rure morantem
Dorin terra tenet. Modò te mihi sospite, Dori,
Pratorum spoliatur honores, elangueat omnis
Arbor, & in medio marcescat flosculus arvo.
Quæ demens quæ stulta loquor? Quoscumque pererrat
Illa locos, per prata recens comitetur euntem
Veris honores, surgant violæ, decoretur odoris
Dura rosis ilex, manentque electra vepretis.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas !
Antè loquax iterare modos cessabit Aëdon,

S

Antè

The woods to move, the vagrant winds to blow,
And streams to murmur, e'er my tears to flow.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or shun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming, as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
Come, Doris, come : ah, why this long delay ?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Doris sounds,
Doris each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind ?
Do lovers dream, or is my Doris kind ?
She comes, my Doris comes ! Now cease, my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sung, while Windfor groves admired ;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspired.

Resound,

Antè susurrantes motare cacumina sylvæ,
Aut spirare noti, aut dulci cum murmure rivi
Serpere, quàm tristes mea lumina fundere fletus.
Non sitientem adeò fontanæ copia lymphæ
Juverit agricolam, non fessum somnus in herbâ ;
Non tam dulce apibus solis jubar, imber alaudis,
Quàm tua grata mihi veniat præsentia, Dori.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas !
Huc, ô Dori, veni ; quæ te tam lenta moratur
Segnities ? Te faxa vocant, collesque supini,
Te resonæ valles, te nostræ, Dori, myricæ.
Quæ, superi, quæ me jucunda infania ludit ?
An venit ? An fingunt ipsi sibi somnia amantes ?
Doris adest, mea Doris adest. Jam sistite, venti,
Sistite, nec nostras ad Dorida ferte querelas !

Vos, quæ rettulerit, sylvis mirantibus, Ægon,
Dicite, Pierides ; nam vos docuistis & illa.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Of perjured Delia dying I complain.

Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ;
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat,
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Beneath yon' poplar oft' we pass'd the day :
Oft' on the rind I carved our mutual vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs.
The garlands fade, the rind is worn away ;
So die her vows, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine.

Now

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus!

Hic, quâ demissis sese subducere sensim

Vallibus incipiunt, abeuntque in nubila montes,

Delia, te moriens, te, perfida Delia, testor.

Jam collo ex arvis redeunt languente juvenci,

Inversique domum referunt grave pondus aratri;

Jam procul undantem villarum culmina ad auras

Exhalant fumum, vallesque umbrantur opacæ.

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus.

Sæpè diem longo tecum sermone sub umbrâ

Populeâ fregi, viridique in cortice vota

Incidi, dum tu curvatis pendula ramis

Serta dabas: sed jam posuerunt marcida fluxum

Serta decus, fisso pereunt in cortice vota.

Sic fugitivus amor, sic me spes lusit amantem!

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus!

Jam faciunt lætas Arcturi sidera fruges:

Jam gravidos onerant ramos poma aurea, & uvæ

Purpureo passim per colles neclare turgent;

Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove.
Just Gods ! shall all things yield returns, but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart, while I preserved my sheep ?
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
What eyes but her's, alas ! have pow'r to move ?
Or is there magic, but what dwells in love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks and plains, I may remove,
Forfake mankind and all the world—but love !
I know thee, Love ; on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.

Resound

Ditia flavescentes pingunt aviaria baccae.

Tanquam hæc decepti mihi sint solamen amoris !

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus !

Pastores clamant, “ Tibi oves abiguntur & hædi.”

Hei mihi ! quid prodest vel oves servasse vel hædos,

Si dum servo gregem, pereo miser ipse ? Lycæi

Arcadii venit Deus ; ecqua venefica, dixit,

Te vidit, sanosque avertit pectore sensus ?

Sola mihi sanos avertit Delia sensus.

Unus amor misero mentem mihi fascinat omnem.

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus !

Ibo, & pastores, pecudesque, & amœna vireta

Linquam : at pastores, pecudesque & amœna vireta

Linquere quid juvat, infano nisi linquar amore ?

Nunc scio, quid sit Amor : duris in montibus ortum

Nutrivêre lupæ, & tigres pavêre rapaces.

Illum è visceribus vulsum flagrantibus Ætnæ

Turbo nigras fudit, cœlo indignante, sub auras.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day !
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus sung the shepherds, till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light ;
When falling dew with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.



WINTER ;

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus !
Sylva vale dilecta, vale, lux alma diëi !
Istius aërio præceps de vertice rupis
Deferar ; ille modus fuerit finisque dolori.
Reddere lugubres, cava culmina, parcite cantus !

Talia jactabant, cùm jam procedere vesper
Cœperat, & roseum suffundere lumen Olympo.
Humida jam vitreis rorabant gramina guttis,
Solque cadens rerum crescentes auxerat umbras.



WINTER; OR, DAPHNE.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

To the MEMORY of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful, as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky.
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves, that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.

Here

HYEMS, SIVE DAPHNE.

ECLOGA IV.

LYCIDAS.

NON tam tristè sonat trepidans per gramina rivus,
Quàm mihi, Thyrsi, tuâ modulatum carmen avenâ :
Nec riguas inter labentia flumina valles
Tam blandùm, tam dulcè fluunt. Jam vellere molli
Suffultæ pecudes placidæ dant membra quieti.
Candida conscendit cœlum face luna serenâ,
Et modulos oblita filet gens alma volucrum.
Incipe ; crudeli præreptam funere Daphnen
Dicamus ; dicenda neget quis carmina Daphnæ ?

THYRSIS.

Aspice, ut excusso capitis frondentis honore
Marcet iners, gelidisque albet nemus omne pruinis.

Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain ?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field !
Begin ; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, " Ye shepherds, sing around my grave !"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your chrystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring.
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died :
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone :

“ Let

Hic ego, quæ dulci testudine lufit Alexis,
Carmina tentârim, Dryadas queis ille fequentes
Montibus elicuit ? Stratis æqualiter undis
Audiit hæc Thamifis, falicesque edifcere juffit.

LYCIDAS.

Sic pluuiis fœcundus aquis fata nutriat humor,
Et lætos faciat venturis meffibus auctus !
Incipe ; fic Daphne moriens mandavit, & inquit,
“ Carminibus tumulum memores luftrate, coloni !
Incipe, ego trifti dum munere functus, agreftem
Arbuteis tumulum virgis & vimine texo.

THYRSIS.

Vos, ô Caftalides, facratos linquite fontes,
Et Satyri, & Nymphæ, ferali texta cupreffo
Serta date. O, lachrymis quis enim modus adfit ?

Amores

Idalii, mœftâ fontes obducite myrto ;
Frangite nunc arcus, nam fic fleuiftis Adonin.
Nunc nudas deponite, inania tela, fagittas,
Cuspide vel verfâ tumulo hoc infcribite carmen :

“ Let nature change, let heav’n and earth deplore,

“ Fair Daphne ’s dead, and love is now no more !”

’Tis done, and nature’s various charms decay :

See, gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day !

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter’d on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow’ry glories lie,

With her they flourish’d, and with her they die.

Ah ! what avail the beauties nature wore ?

Fair Daphne ’s dead, and beauty is no more !

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,

The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,

In notes more sad, than when they sing their own.

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,

Silent, or only to her name replies :

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore.

Now Daphne ’s dead, and pleasure is no more !

No

“ Se mutet natura, solumque & sidera plorent,
“ Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gratia amorum !

Sic placitum ; natura anni languentis honores
Mutat, & obscurum contristant nubila cœlum.
Illachrymat mœstum guttis stillantibus arbor,
Avulsisque comis spargit lugubre feretrum.
Heu ! lapsus periit, Daphne pereunte, virentis
Ruris honor : nituisse juvat quid floribus arva ?
Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gratia florum !

Victa dolore pecus viridantibus abstinet herbis,
Nec meminit quadrupes attingere fluminis undam ;
Albentes cycni Daphnen flevêre, nec unquam
Tam dulci extremam linguâ cecinêre querelam,
Cum sua fata vocant : mœstum caput abdita sylvis
Aut filet, aut Daphnen plangentibus assonat Echo.
Illa suam nuper Daphnen, ea sola voluptas,
Littoris incurvi scopulos resonare docebat ;
Nunc omnis periit, Daphne pereunte, voluptas !

Non

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
No morning odours from the flow'rs arise ;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store.
Fair Daphne 's dead, and sweetness is no more !

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings.
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays ;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more !

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;

The

Non jam nocturni descendunt æthere rores,
Non Zephyro flores spirant, non floribus agri,
Nec soliti campis herbarum afflantur odores.
Tristè filens Zephyrus, Daphne, tua funera deflet,
Dulcior heu Zephyris Daphne, dum vita manebat !
Oblitæ jam ruris, apes se in tecta recondunt,
Nec liquido curant distendere nectare cellas.
Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gloria mellis !

Non ultrà attonitæ, Daphne dum cantat, alaudæ
In medio celeres suspendent aëre pennas.
Non numeros mirata dehinc Philomela canentis
Audiet, aut similes imitabitur æmula cantus.
Non aurita prement lapsus jam flumina, Daphnes
Auditura modos & non imitabile carmen.
Flebilè sed junci, sed flebilè ripa sonabunt.
Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gratia cantûs !

Heu fatum crudele ! gravi nemus omne susurro
Ingeminat ; Daphnes fatum sub vallibus imis

Sylva

The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears.
The winds, and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more !

But see ! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky !
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green.
There, while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more !

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains !
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,

In

Sylva gemit, gemitusque ferunt ad flumina valles.
Flumina, quæ nuper leni labentia rivo
Stringebant ripas, magno nunc turbida motu
Volvuntur, sternuntque fretis undantibus arva.
Te, sylvæ, te austri, te, Daphne, flumina plorant ;
Heu superas, Daphne, nunquam reditura sub auras !

Sed viden ! æthereos Daphne superevolat orbes,
Miraturque infrà stellasque & nubila volvi.
Hic cœleste solum, hinc facies lætissima rerum
Semper, & æterno viridantes gramine campi.
Seu tu prata tenes Amarantho umbrata recenti,
Seu legis usque novos formoso pollice flores,
Aspice nos, rebusque veni non aspera nostris,
Tu Dea, tu Daphne, votis jam assueta vocari,
Nec lachrymis ultrà mœstivæ urgenda querelis.

LYCIDAS.

Ut tranquilla silent loca cuncta, stupentque canentem!
Sic, labente die, Philomela silentia mulcet,

Dura

In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
'To thee, bright Goddess, oft' a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews.
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse.
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay.
Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
Adieu, ye shepherds, rural lays and loves ;
Adieu, my flocks ; farewell, ye sylvan crew ;
Daphne, farewell ; and all the world adieu !

Dum placido Zephyrus per sylvam fibilat ore
Leniter aspirans, & ventilat aëre frondes.
O Dea, sæpè tibi teneram maſtabimus agnam,
Si foetura gregem pleno ſuppleverit anno.
Sic umbras dum ſylva dabit, dum Chloris odores,
Noſtra eris, æternùm noſtris celebrabere faſtis.

THYRSIS.

Sed jam lethiferos rores diffundit Orion.
Surgamus ; pini gravis eſt cantantibus umbra.
Sæviti atrox boreas, ſentit natura ſenectam.
Omnia fert ætas, breve & inſuperabile tempus
Omnibus eſt vitæ. Felices vivite campi,
Vivite flumineæ valles, montesque ſupini :
Vivite, paſtores, paſtorum vivite luſus.
Tu, Daphne, & quicquid vaſto compleſcitur orbe
Terra, vale ; æternùm ſylvæque urbeſque valete.

MESSIAS.

THE MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma, begin the song ;
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids
Delight no more. O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isai'ah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son.
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies.

Th'

MESSIAS.

ÆCLOGA SACRA.

BETHLEMIDES Nymphæ, cœleste indicite
carmen.

Si canimus Numen, carmen sit Numine dignum.
Nam neque muscosi fontes, neque somnia Pindi,
Nam neque Pierides, sylvisque umbrata profanis
Rura juvant. O, qui Ifaïæ sacra ignibus ora
Lustrasti, Tu vocem inspira animamque canenti.

Hæc retulit vates venturi præscius ævi.
Concipiet Virgo, pariet Virgo integra prolem.
Stirpe è Jessæâ nascetur virga, perenni
Flore nitens; auris redolet fragantibus æther.

Olli

Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
Ye Heav'ns, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heav'n descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring
With all the incense of the breathing spring.
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance.
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies.

Hark,

Olli divinus per frondes lenè feretur
Spiritus, inque apicem descendet mysticus ales.
Infirmis ægrisque mali contagia cæli
Defendet, gravidosque notos æstusque nocentes.
Desuper, ô cæli, rorantem inducite nubem,
Et lætum tacitis demittite lapsibus imbrem.
Crimina jam fugient ; terras Alstræa revifet.
Fraus antiqua cadet, placidâque insignis olivâ
Pax, et cana Fides almo remeabit olympe.

Pergite festinis procedere mensibus, anni,
Et jubar optatum terris, Aurora, reclude.
Nascere, Dive Puer ; jam nunc tibi germine læto
Terra tumet, funditque novis munuscula cunis.
Te nemus omne vocat, te mons, te vallis, et altis
Excita sylva jugis : tibi celsa cacumina motat
Exultans Libanus. Sacro jam fidera fumo
Lambit odoratus Saron, jam florea pandit
Munera Carmelus, fertisque virentibus halat.

Hark, a glad voice the lonely desert hears ;
Prepare the way ; a God, a God appears.
A God, a God, the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies, rise.
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way.
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold.
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.

In

Audin, per saltum resonat vox læta, propinquo
Sternite iter Domino: coràm quem quæritis, adstat
Ecce Deus. Deus, ille Deus cava culmina circum,
Auritæque sonant rupes, sylvæque loquaces.
Aspice, devexo labentem ex æthere tellus
Excipit in gremium: prono subsidite, montes,
Vertice; Numen adest, humiles assurgite valles.
Aspera jam plano venienti tramite mollem
Pandite, saxa, viam; frondes jam spargite, sylvæ,
Blandaque pacatis decurrite, flumina, ripis.
Huc, furdi, huc aures, oculos huc vertite, cæci:
Hic Vir hic est, vobis patrum promissus ab ævo.
Hic omnem ex oculis, infuso lumine, noctem
Eripiet, solemque dabit cælumque tueri.
Hic aurem obstructam superâ virtute recludet,
Mulcebitque novo cantu, numerisque sonoris.
Dulcè canet mutus, pernicèque jam pede claudus
Exultim ludet, ceu saltans per juga cervus.
Jam dolor, et lachrymæ, et mœsto queremonia vultu
Absistent terris: jam centum vincita catenis

In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more.
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise : the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun.

Their

Mors inferna ruet : capiti jam vulnus adactum

Sentiet æternâ Stygius sub nocte tyrannus.

Ac veluti pastor, cui dulcia ovilia curæ,

Pascua læta gregi explorat zephyrosque salubres,

Noctes atque dies animis vigilantibus instat,

Seu regit errantem, seu fortè per avia lapsam

Quærit ovem ; casus omnes à matribus arcet ;

Ipse levans ulnis teneros complectitur agnos,

Ipse manu pascit, fufosque in pectore mulcet :

Talis erit, tali populos pietate regendos

Suscipiet sæcli custosque paterque futuri.

Tum placidâ gentes coalescent pace, nec ultrà

In pugnas stragemque ruent : rutilantia ferro

Agmina nec sternent adeò formidine terras,

Nec tuba terrifico martem ciet ærea cantu.

Sed priùs apta neci in falcem conflabitur hasta,

Inque usum gravidæ curvabitur ensis aratri.

Regia marmoreis surgent tum tecta columnis,

Exultansque hæres rapti molimina patris

'Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field:
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And start amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste, sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn.
To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise,

Ardua perficiet ; fibi quos conseverit agros,
Ipse metet ; facient vineta nepotibus umbram.
Surgere tum cernet vasta inter rura colonus
Liliaque et lætos inopino gramine campos :
Audiet et trepidus sitientes inter arenas
Insolitum erumpens murmur fluctusque cadentes.
In scopulo, nuper quà confedère dracones,
Jam virides junci formosaque nutat arundo.
Quà deserta priùs vallis stetit horrida dumis,
Consurgent abies crispoque cacumine buxus :
Quà frutices nudi et spinis paliurus amaris,
Floriferæ palmæ et myrti nascentur odoræ.
Floreæ vincla puer tigri subnectet inermi,
Permixture lupis pascent in montibus agni.
Cum tauro in stabulis placidus leo stabit apertis,
Ruricolæque pedes innoxia vipera lambet.
Cristatum basiliscum infans viridemque colubrum
Excipiet plaudetque manu : fulgentia squamis
Tergora lustrabit risu, ludensque trifulcæ
Spicula nec linguæ metuet nec inane venenum.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes.
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side they rise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabea springs.
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And feeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze

O'erflow

Regia surge Salem : radiis redimita coruscis
Surge, et turritum celso caput insere cœlo.
Aspice, quanta tibi spatiosa per atria lucet
Progenies : superas ardent evadere in auras
Et nati natæque, et qui nascentur ab illis.
En tibi, splendentis cœli nova signa fecutæ,
Barbaricæ agglomerant gentes : en ad tua læti
Limina contendunt gazis orientis onusti
Suppliciter reges, et natum Numen adorant.
Suavibus in sylvis tibi balsama gignit Idume,
Servat Ophir fulvis nutritum in montibus aurum.

Sed viden, interior latè tibi panditur aula
Cœlicolûm, totusque oculis illucet olympus.
Non jam mane novo Sol proferet ampliùs orbem,
Nec vespertinum replebit Cynthia cornu :
Sed radiis immersa tuis sua fidus utrumque
Lumina subducet. Nocturnæ nescius umbræ
Atria inextinctis tua vestiet ignibus æther.

O'erflow thy courts. The Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine.

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains,
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns.



Lucis origo, tuas penitus diffusa per arces,
Æternùm Deus ipse suo te numine complet.
Æquora inarescent, rupes cum montibus altis
Flamma feret, fugient cœli ceu fumus in auras :
Ast hominum stat fixa salus, stat fœdere pacto
Lex, summo jurata Deo : tibi regna, tuoque
Semper honos CHRISTO, sceptrumque decusque
manebunt.



S. CATHARINA de Morte Triumphans.

ECLOGA.

THYRSIS, DAMON.

CHRISTIADÆ flebant Catharin crudelia passam
Funera; vos, coryli, testes & littora Nili.

Quæ latebræ, aut qui vos saltus tenuère, puellæ
Niliades, sævâ Catharis cùm morte periret?

Nam neque Pyramidum sacra culmina, nam neque
pinguis

Ulla moram vobis faciebant rura Canopi.

O, cui *Belgarum Regina Augusta per urbes
Credidit Austriacas rerum tractanda suarum

* These two Eclogues in the first edition were dedicated to the
late Count Cobenzl, Imperial Minister at the Court of Brussels.

Pondera,

Pondera, si qua tibi, curis aliquando remissis,
Hora vacat, nec te totum sibi publica poscunt
Munia, nos nostramque, tua est, Clarissime, Musam
Aspice, quamque suo desert studiosa Patrono,
Hanc inter meritas hederam sine serpere palmas.

Jam surgens Aurora polo dimoverat umbras,
Solque pruinosos infuso lumine montes
Sparserat; extemplò curis vigilantibus acti,
E septis misère greges ad pascua Thyrsis,
Atque bonus Damon; extinctæ Virginis ambo
Ægri luctu, ambo calamos inflare periti.
Dum sparsim tondent simæ virgulta capellæ,
Dum querulis agni ripam balatibus implent,
Hi procul à gregibus, nèque enim consistere mentem
Mœsta finit pietas, sylvæ populantur honores,
Pallentes hederas & funereas cyparissos,
Extremum tumulo munus. Postquam ardua montis
Et sanctum tetigère jugum, procumbit uterque
Pronus humi, nudoque gemens fert oscula busto.

Thyrsis

Thyrsis inexpectum lacrymans, solatia luctus
Nulla capit. Via jam voci ut laxata dolore est,
Hæc secum gemitu & studio jactabat inani.

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Occidit heu! Catharis, Pharii lux maxima ruris
Occidit, immiti Catharis data victima letho.
Te juga, te valles, te nostra mapalia, Virgo,
Ingemuere: ipsi, nam te sensere cadentem,
Balantes flevère greges, luctusque dedere.
Te quoque Pyramides, te regia testæ, columnæ,
Et Pharos, & mæsti fleverunt faxa Canopi.

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Cum Catharis studiis cœlestibus incita colles
Per nostros calamo Divos cantaret agresti,
Pulsatæ numeros retulere ad sidera valles,
Auritatæque cavis saliére in montibus orni.
Jam vidui montes, vallesque silentia servant,
Ni lugubrè gemens per littora murmuret Auster.

Funde

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Illa rudes animos cultu formavit agrestum,
Accenditque sacro vitæ venientis amore.
Illa, nihil mortale canens, arguta Sophorum
Arma domat, victrixque ferocia subdere cogit
Colla Deo : sed non ideo crudelia fata
Flectere, vel furias potuit mollire tyranni.

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Hei mihi ! quid, Virgo, jam post tua funera sperem ?
Certum est in tenebris inter deserta locorum
Condere velle caput, dulcesque relinquere cœtus
Pastorum, & mœstis consumere fletibus ævum.
Ibo, & quæ memori sub pectore fixa reservo,
Carmina per montes sylvis meditabor & auris.
Hæc tanquam infani mihi sint medicina doloris !
Jam neque secessus nemorum, neque carmina nobis
Ipse placent : rursus virides concedite sylvæ.
Protinus, infandi quando solatia casus
Restant nulla super, sævo ferienda tyranno

Colla

Colla dabo. Tecum pariter sic rumpere lucem,
Virgo, juvat, pulchramque pati per vulnera mortem.

Siste graves mecum, mea tibia, siste querelas.
Hæc Thyrsis, cui sic respondit in ordine Damon.
Niliacæ Nymphæ, quis tum vos sensus habebat,
Cùm Catharis flammæ inter dentesque rotarum
Pendebat districta, & non muliebriter audens
Collectas tortorum iras, omnesque minantis
Una laceſſebat gladios ignesque tyranni?

Tollite humo Catharim, super æthera tollite, Divi.
Cùm deprensa manus inter jam staret, & ultro
Vitam, jussa mori, lictoris subderet ensi,
Sanguineum facinus mucro horruit, atque pudicam
Vulnere cervicem timuit signare cruento.
Quà niveis avulsum humeris caput excidit, albo
Lactea prorumpit salienti flumine lympa.

Tollite

Tollite humo Catharim, super æthera tollite, Divi.
Quale nitent inter lætentiæ lilia mixtæ
Purpureo splendore rosæ; sublimè per auras
Qualis aquam juxta myrtus se tollit, & omnem
Ambrosio spirans sylvam perfundit odore;
Aut Libani qualis stat celso in vertice cedrus,
Sic Pharias inter Catharis pulcherrima Nymphas.

Tollite humo Catharim, super æthera tollite, Divi.
India diffuso spatiantem flumine Gangem
Suspicit, Euphratem Babylon, & Parthia Tigrim:
Dum Catharis formosa suum tenet incola Nilum,
Parthiaque, & Babylon concedet, & India Nilo.

Tollite humo Catharim, super æthera tollite, Divi.
Cum diversa ruens septena per ostia Nilus
Divite fœcundat vicinos gurgite campos,
Vernat ager, vernant messes, annique labores.
Sic ubi doctrinæ Catharis miracula promit,
Et liquidas recludit opes, fontesque salubres

Eloquii

Eloquii, læto virtus se germine fundit,
Et felices cœlo animas plaudente reponit.

Tollite humo Catharim, super æthera tollite, Divi.
Attonitas audin' clangor quis perculit aures ?
Cœlicolûm pennata phalanx per nubila vectat
Virginis exuvias, famulisque exercitus alis
Plaudit ovans, notoque infert sacra ossa sepulchro.

Tollite humo Catharim, super æthera tollite, Divi.
Salve sancte Sinai, mons ô gratissime cœlo,
Ante alios salve tanto dignate trophæo :
Tu face nimbosâ & præsentis numinis olim
Fulmine terrificus, prono nunc culmine mitis
Extinctos cineres, ductamque ex ordine pompam
Excipis, & gremio depositam amplecteris urnam.

Tollite humo Catharim, super æthera tollite, Divi.
Sed viden' æthereos Catharis superevolat orbes ;
Supra Euri Zephyrique domos, stellasque micantes
Surgit,

Surgit, & æternum, jam cœli ascripta beatis
Diva choris, victâ ducit de morte triumphum.

Parcite, jam Catharis tenet æthera, parcite Divi.



S. CATHARINA.

S. CATHARINA de Philosophis Triumphans.E C L O G A.

DICITE, Niliades, nam vos meminisse potestis,
Dicite, quæ Cathari quondam memorante, beata
Audiit Ægyptus, populosque ediscere jussit.

Sæpiùs illa feros spe palmæ luserat hostes,
Exueratque dolos cæcos, artesque tyranni.
Ille adèd indignans, innecti vincula captæ
In caveamque trahi mandat, circumque Lycæi.
Convenêre, quibus facundæ copia linguæ,
Aut mens acris erat. Veniunt arguta dicacis
Agmina Aristotelis; tumidis Academica buccis
Turba venit; venit & dubiis gens nata serendis
Sceptica;

Sceptica ; tum fufis rugofa per ora capillis
Horrentes Cynici, atque Epicuri exercitus omnis.

Jamque dies prædicta aderat, jam docta theatrum
Agmina complêrant, queis fe Maxentius infert
Spectator pugnæ. Jam curva fedilia circum
Infufum excipiunt populum, turbamque fonantem.
Stat fola in medio Catharis, velut alma rapaces
Agnæ lupos inter, tam forti pectore conftans,
Quàm rofeis formofa genis : fimul omnibus inftit.
Tum verò arrectos narrantis ab ore videres
Socraticos pendere greges, tum nescia flecti
Antehac, paulatim mollefcere corda tyrannum.
Non fic mirata eft Mofen Carmelia rupes,
Non fic Jeffiaden Solymæ ftupûere canentem.

Namque canebat, uti vafum per inane coactus
Numinis imperio, primùm concreverit orbis
Ex nihilo, hic pulcher rerum, quem cernimus, ordo.
Vis æterna Dei, molem diffusa per omnem,

Numine

Numine cuncta movet : præsens terramque polumque
Ille replet, totumque unus regit arbiter orbem.
Hinc ventis agitata tument, hinc strata quiescunt
Æquora, fidereis hinc pascitur ignibus æther.
Hinc sylvis autumnus opes, hinc gramina tellus
Verna parit, segetesque novis cum fructibus æstas.

Inde genus mortale refert, Edenaque Tempe
Fatiferique esum pomi, pœnasque Parentum.
Ipsa ut deinde Dei, numen de numine, proles
Par Patri æterno, mortales sumpserit artus
Factus homo.—Ut, postquam decreti temporis orbem
Vivendo explêrat, ligno moribundus ab alto,
Innocuo fontem reparârit sanguine mundum.
Illum expirantem, suspiriaque ægra trahentem
Fleverunt elementa ; gravi conterrita motu
Terra tremit, mœstam templo cortina ruinam
Fissâ trahit, lacrymant aræ, tumulique dehiscunt.
Ipsam etiam, obducto nigrâ ferrugine vultu,
Officii puduit, patienti Numine, solem,
Consciaque

Consciaque æternam pavit gens impia noctem.
At Christum, edomiti spoliis Acherontis ovantem,
Tertia lux superas redivivum eduxit in auras,
Immortale, ingens, & non violabile numen.
Inde quater decies cùm sol reparaverat ortus,
Atque diem toties pronâ nox clauferat umbrâ,
Ille triumphali victor jam lætus honore,
Patris in amplexus sublimè per aëra magnum
Ibat ovans, rerumque tenet per sæcula habenas,
Non magno Genitore minor; cui maxima mundi
Sidera torquenti manet inconcussa potestas.

His adjungit, uti nostræ memor usque salutis,
Bis senos, genus indoctum, sed vivida cœlo
Pectora, sanctorum comitum felegerit omni
Ex numero heroas, sua qui præcepta secuti
Informes hominum mores, atque aspera cultu
Ingenia excolerent, legesque & sacra docerent
Christicolâm.—At si vera cano, si magna rependo,

Vos

Vos quoque ne pudeat submittere dura vocanti ,
Corda Deo, tenebrisque oculos aperire fugatis.

Talia perstabat memorans & fixa manebat.
Attonitis stat turba animis suspensa, nec audet
Hiscere quid contrà ; donec jam numinis ipso
Impulsu trepidi rabiem sensusque profanos
Excutiunt, unumque Deum unâ voce fatentur
Artificem mundi, cœlique erebique potentem.



